Vol 7 The War Illustrated N° 166

Edited by Sir John Hammerton

SIXPENCE

OCTOBER 29, 1943

WREN AT THE HELM of a motor-boat. Harbour work with the Royal Navy, such as this girl is engaged upon, is one of a variety of important duties under the White Ensign now being performed by members of the Women's Royal Naval Service. With H.R.H. the Duchess of Kent as their Commandant, the Wrens are brilliantly maintaining Britain's proud sea traditions and justifying their distinction as the senior Women's Service.

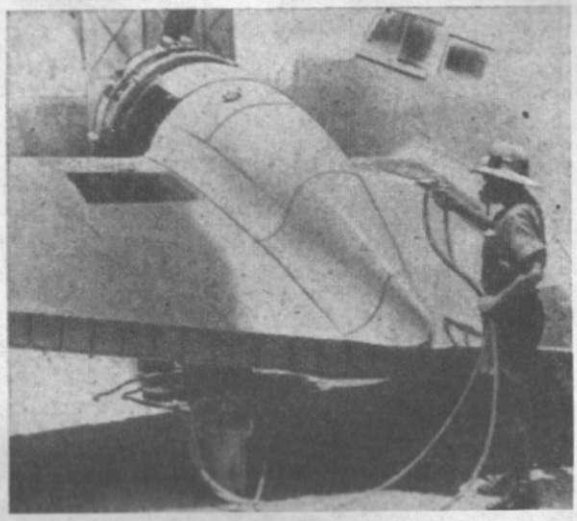
Photo, Keystone

NO. 167 WILL BE PUBLISHED FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 12

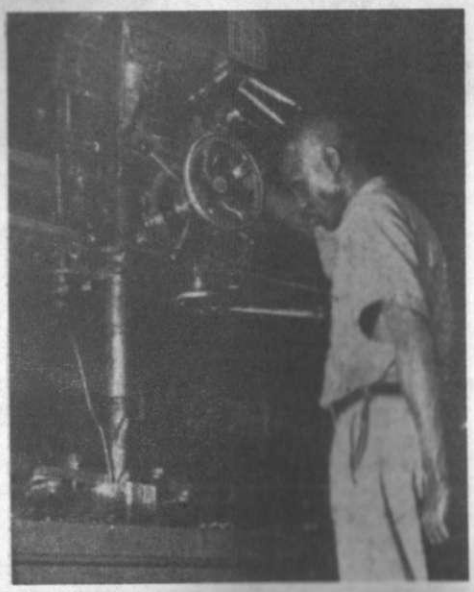
Empire War-Tour With Our Roving Camera

SOUTH AFRICA'S Premier, General Smuts, is the advance guard of Dominion Prime Ministers expected in London early in 1944 for the first full-dress Empire Conference of the war. Gen. Smuts is accompanied by his son and A.D.C., Capt. Smuts; they are here seen (right) with Mr. and Mrs. Churchill in the garden of No. 10, Downing Street. While in Britain General Smuts will act as a member of the War Cabinet, where his experience of affairs of State will be of immense value.

NORTHERN TERRITORY, Australia, is the scene of this exercise (below) by bearded Navy men advancing with fixed bayonets through tall grass. They are taking part in a "jungle" practice aimed at toughening them for possible land defence. Though General MacArthur's men are gradually ousting the Japanese from New Guinea, the enemy is still strongly enough entrenched in adjacent Timor and the Netherlands East Indies to require great vigilance along the northern coast of Australia (see map in page 350)



SOUTHERN RHODESIA has its repair depots for aeroplanes, and here one is receiving from an R.A.F. craftsman the final touches that will render it completely airworthy again. All but hopelessly wrecked machines are returned to active service, after expert overhaul.



GOLD COAST of West Africa staged a bomber week parade at Accra, as part of the town's drive to raise to £150,000 West Africa's present total of £113,474 subscribed towards Bomber and Spitfire Funds. Above, fire fighting units passing the saluting point, where the Governor of the Gold Coast, Sir Allan Burns, K.C.M.G., is standing. Right, this African engineer in a Kenya and Uganda Railways and Harbours workshop is one of many natives who have temporarily abandoned an outdoor life to learn munition-making and thereby assist the war effort.

Photos, British Official, New York Times, Pictorial Press

THE BATTLE FRONTS

by Maj.-Gen. Sir Charles Gwynn, K.C.B., D.S.O.

THE campaign in New Guinea which has been in progress for over 18 months has attracted less attention than it deserves. Yet it has been of extraordinary interest, not only on account of the astonishing courage and tenacity displayed by the Australian troops under appalling conditions, but also by reason of the enterprise and ingenuity with which a technique has been developed for dealing with the problems of jungle warfare. This technique promises also to provide a key to the even more difficult strategical problem of evicting the Japanese within a reasonable period from the innumerable footholds they have secured.

Information about the campaign, till recently, has been scanty, and I know of no better description of the difficulties encountered in its earlier phases than that given by Miss L. E. Cheesman in the Geographical Journal of March 1943 (E. Stanford, Ltd.).

LET me recall briefly the main features of the campaign. By the middle of March 1942 the Japanese had occupied the principal harbours and airfields on the north coast of New Guinea as far east as Salamaua. With these bases they could dominate sea communications (and none other existed) leading to the north-eastern coast of the island. Now at this time almost all the fully trained troops of Australia were serving in Malaya or the Middle East, and the U.S. were still reeling after Pearl Harbour.

An attack on Port Moresby therefore seemed to the enemy good strategy ; and in fact in July they landed a force at Buna with the object of capturing Port Moresby on the south coast from the land side—the battle of the Coral Sea in May having frustrated hopes of reaching it by sea. During August they worked their way across the Owen Stanley Mountains and came to within 30 miles of Port Moresby. But difficulties of the mountain track and air attacks made it impossible for them to supply a force strong enough to overcome the Australian defence reinforced and within easy reach of its base

At the end of the month they attempted to open a new avenue of approach by landing troops at Milne Bay, whence an advance along the south coast would turn the mountains. The attempt had, however, been foreseen and a brilliant counter-attack threw the invaders into the sea. The failure of this attempt and difficulties of supply then compelled the Japanese to withdraw their main body across the Owen Stanley, leaving only a rearguard in the southern foothills at Yorabaiwa.

THIS brought the defensive phase of the campaign to a close, and at the end of September the offensive phase was initiated with a counter-attack on the Yorabaiwa position. The Japanese retreated, offering only slight resistance, until the crest of the Owen Stanley was reached ; but it was now the Australians who were faced with the immense task of crossing the range by a barely usable track and of debouching on the the other side in sufficient numbers to defeat an enemy within easy reach of his bases. It was a desperate and laborious business, made all the more difficult for the Australians by the greater quantity of supplies they required as compared with the Japanese, and by the greater care they took of their wounded.

Yet progress was steadily made ; not a little owing to the loyal service rendered by native carriers. Here, and throughout the campaign, the good relations the Australian Administration had established with the natives earned its reward. Japanese resistance stiffened during the descent of the northern side of the mountains, but the Australians by now had mastered the Japanese in jungle tactics. Space does not permit an adequate description of the difficulties of the terrain which had to be overcome or of the insects, leeches, diseases and weather conditions which combine to make New Guinea the most trying theatre for military operations that could be found.

HAVING reached the low ground larger Japanese forces were encountered, but they were out-manoeuvred and out-fought at Kokoda and at the rivers on the track to Buna, to the defences of which they retreated. Here they were strongly fortified, and in November the long battle of Buna began in which an American force, landed at Milne Bay, took part. Fought in the height of the monsoon season, deep mud, insects and malaria made conditions more appalling than ever. The Japanese, in fox holes, revetted and covered with coconut logs (proof to anything but a direct bomb hit), had to be dug out one by one by infantry attacking through deep mud.

Not till a few guns, brought by air, were available could much progress be made. Tanks also appeared, but at few points could they be used. The Japanese were in a hopeless position, attempts to reinforce or evacuate them having been defeated with disastrous losses by Allied air attacks ; yet they were

LT.-GEN. SIR EDMUND HERRING, C.B.E., D.S.O., M.C., commander of Australian troops in the forward areas in New Guinea. On Oct. 7 it was announced that his men were within 50 miles of the Japanese base at Madang, about 140 miles north-west of Lae.
Photo, British Official ; Crown Copyright

determined to fight to the death, and not till the end of January were the last remnants annihilated. The campaign so far had been a wonderful achievement, but it left the impression that the capture of all the Japanese strongholds in the Island would be an interminable process. Nevertheless, airfields had been secured, and, with the growing strength and improved quality of the Allied air arm, sea communications could be used to bring forward heavy weapons and material which could not be transported by land or air

A long lull in land operations ensued, during which the enemy showed signs of attempting a new offensive. But in this interval the Allied air force was active, scoring great successes against his convoys

HUON GULF COASTLINE has been the scene of some of the fiercest fighting in the New Guinea campaign. Finschafen, last enemy base in this area, fell on Oct. 2, 1943. **See also p. 350.** *Map by courtesy of The Times*

attempting to reinforce his New Guinea detachments and against the base he was attempting to develop at Wewak on the northern coast. The only land fighting of consequence that occurred was when the Japanese attacked the small Australian force at Wau, 40 miles inland from Salamaua. This detachment, supplied by air, had been maintained in the settlement which had grown up round the neighbouring goldfield, itself developed, equipped and supplied entirely by air transport. Reinforced, the detachment repelled the attack, and later played a part in the recapture of Salamaua.

Not till the beginning of July was MacArthur ready to exploit the advantages secured by the capture of Buna, and to start the series of amphibious operations which, at a constantly increasing pace, led to the successive captures of Salamaua, Lae and Finschafen. First came a landing of Americans south of Salamaua which, after hard fighting, and with the cooperation of the Australians from Wau, led to the encirclement of the Salamaua inner defences.

A SITUATION similar to that at Buna developed, but this time more guns could be used and the enemy could be more completely cut off from supplies; his resistance, therefore, though stubborn, was not so prolonged. Still it was not till the second week of September that the place was completely captured. Before it finally fell, another landing had, however, been made north of Lae, on Sept. 4, 1943, thus turning the obstacle of the Markham River. At the same time an Australian parachute force (some of the men making the jump for the first time) descended in the Markham valley to cut off the enemy's escape. Surprise was complete, but to supply and reinforce the parachutists MacArthur's new equipment had to be brought into action.

Bulldozers landed by American engineers and operated by Australian sappers attacked the jungle, and roads over which jeeps and guns could move came into existence at an amazing pace, in many places surfaced with logs laid corduroy-fashion. Supply, the crucial problem of jungle operations, had been solved, and impenetrable jungle had been conquered by the engineer and his modern tools. It will be seen that sea and air power had provided strategic lines of communication, and the engineer those required for the tactical operations of the infantry and artillery. Lae was captured in two weeks, and Finschafen fell to attacks of similar character in even shorter time.

These were great achievements, but it must be realized that, though modern equipment had made them possible, the results could not have been attained without skilful and daring planning and by a wonderful display of human energy and courage.

In Naples the Nazi Reign of Terror Ends—

THE GERMAN TERROR lasted for five days. In those five days the Germans must have realized that all hope of holding Naples was gone, and they did their worst in the time they had left to them. They killed and wounded thousands of people, set fire to buildings they knew would burn easily, and dynamited those that would not. The result is that the hospitals are full of wounded Italians—men, women and children—and in some of the parks they are making cemeteries for the dead. The Germans attacked hospitals, knowing they had supplies of food and water, and the staffs manned rifles and machine-guns and fought them off.

I saw more than 100 bodies of men, women and children killed in the miniature civil war that raged in the city, and I passed through a hospital ward containing 600 wounded, most of them Italians who had fought it out with the Germans. The dead in this hospital had been piled up in one huge room, and because of the fighting there had been no opportunity to dispose of them.

The Germans dynamited all the large buildings. Naples University was set on fire—and left a burned-out shell. The Germans, and Blackshirts, burned and destroyed the most valuable works of art, including famous paintings, and tried to set the Opera House on fire. A large number of Italians were rounded up and herded into a building. While sentries held them in, mines were laid under the building. More than 100 Italians were killed when the mines exploded. On one of my tours of inspection I was accompanied by a colonel who had seen some Russian battlefields: "But never have I seen anything like this on any battlefield," he told me.

One of the toughest nests of resistance our troops had to overcome was in the area of the hospital I have just mentioned, overlooking the Strada Capodichino. There, Germans and Blackshirts fought it out with the civilians until their ammunition ran out. Nurses carried on with their work all the time under fire. Germans shot down scores of Italians for refusing to report for service in German labour camps or with the army.

THE director of one hospital proudly showed me an ambulance which had been captured from the Germans by civilians armed with machine-guns. "They stole one of ours, and we needed them," he told me. "They were besieging the hospital, because they knew that we had supplies of food and water. They wanted completely to demoralize the town by leaving the wounded unattended, but my doctors and nuns stuck to their posts. The Germans even shelled our dispensary, hoping to destroy our medicines." When they saw the battle was lost, they became panic-stricken. They took prisoner large groups of Italians, tied their hands, and forced them to form a cordon round their armoured cars, so that they should not be shot at as they (the Germans) returned.

A colonel of the Carabinieri told me that the Germans were particularly angry with the Royal Police. If a member of the Carabinieri shot a German, they would shoot scores of the police as a reprisal. In the village of Aversa, near Naples, 80 Carabinieri and 20 civilians were shot on the spot in reprisal for the death of one German. I have before me a copy of the newspaper Roma containing a German proclamation published on September 13, stating: "Every German soldier killed or wounded will be avenged 100 times. A state of siege exists. Anyone violating the rules will be shot outright."

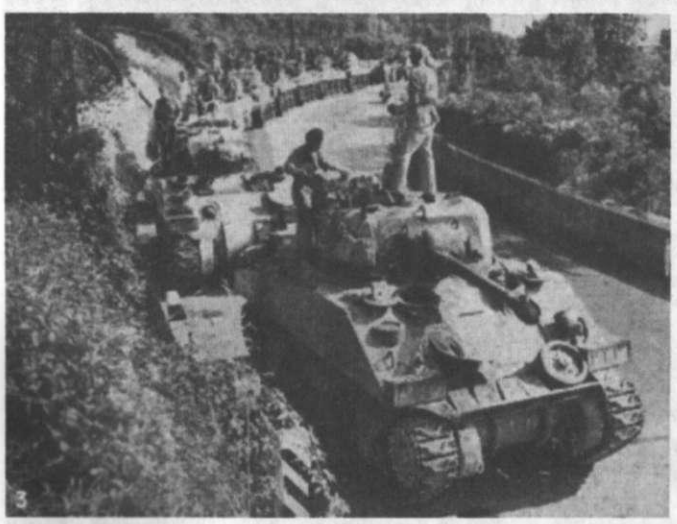
—Henry Gorrell, British United Press Correspondent

NEAPOLITANS gathered outside the Municipal Buildings show their curiosity and appreciation as units of the 5th Army enter the town on the morning of October 1, 1943. The Nazi reign of terror was over.

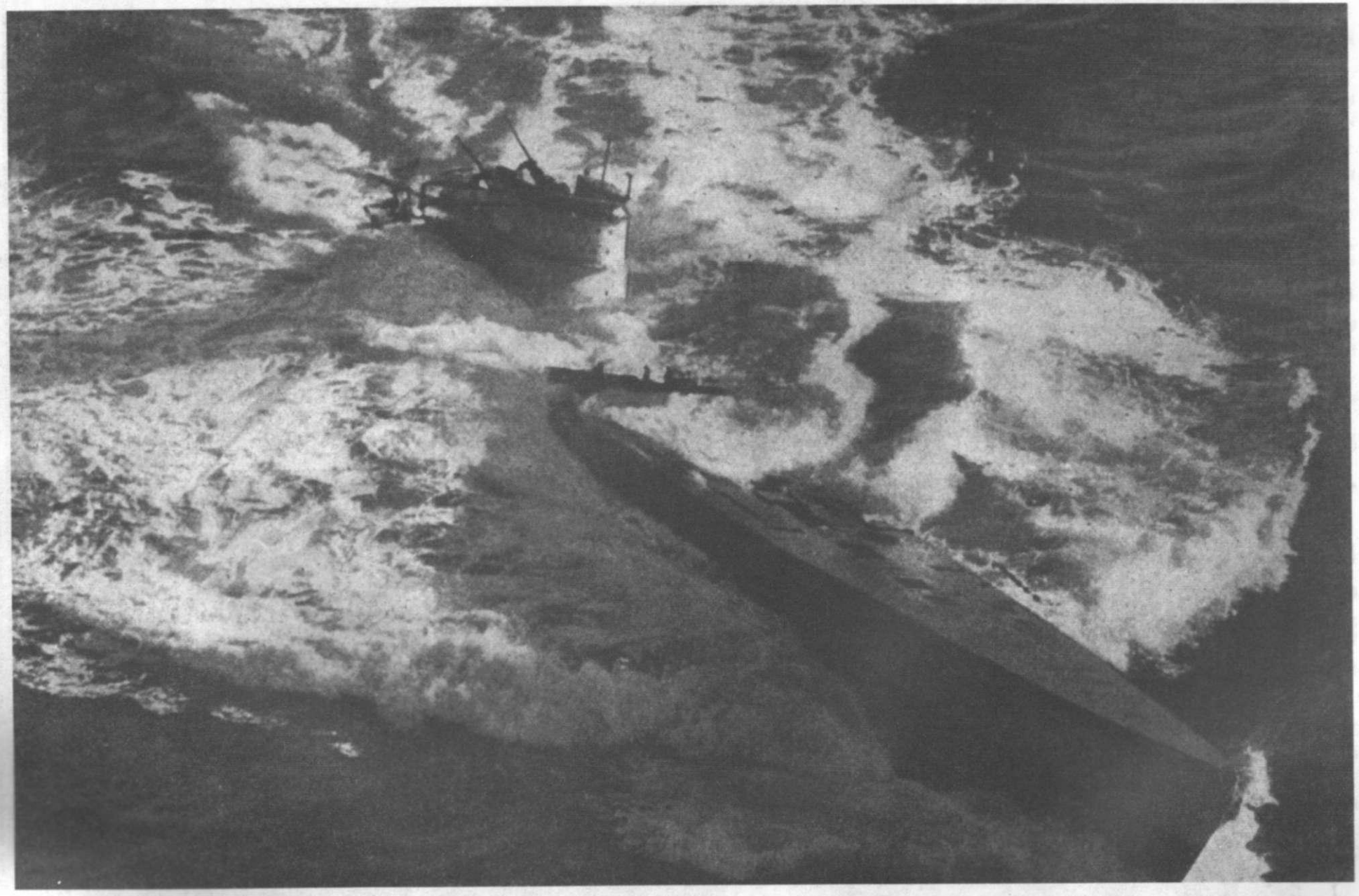
REJOICING seemed almost out of place in the once beautiful city, now plundered and laid waste. But the entry of our troops meant to the citizens of Naples bread and liberty. The Germans, before retreating, had perpetrated atrocities and destruction on an appalling scale. People were reduced to drawing drinking-water as best they could from broken mains (top left). The street scene above was a repetition of joyful demonstrations by Italians that greeted General Mark Clark's victorious Anglo-American army as it advanced along the road from Torre Annunziata to Naples to crown with success the operation which began at Salerno.

Photos, British and U.S. Official

—And Our Men Sweep on to Italy's Capital



BITTER FIGHTING, AND DELAY due to systematic demolition by the retreating Germans, marked our advance to Naples. Sappers had arduous tasks to complete; these troops (1) have just crossed a bridge erected in only 50 minutes. With Vesuvius as background (2) an anti-tank gun goes into action. Near Cava Sherman tanks (3) pause for a few moments before continuing through difficult mountain country in which self-propelled Bishops (4) give powerful support. From Naples the 5th Army forged on (see map, showing line on October 8) towards Rome, aware that a wing of the 8th Army was cutting across the Apennines to join them in the assault on the Italian capital. *Photos, British Official. Map by courtesy of News Chronicle*



ANOTHER U-BOAT GOES DOWN, but it is no ordinary "kill." This was the last of a trio sent to the bottom by one American pilot—Lieut. Robert Pershing Williams—in four days during a recent convoy action in the Atlantic. Lieut. Williams was in charge of a carrier-borne Avenger torpedo-bomber. He was accompanied by a wireless operator and a turret gunner. All three U-boats were accurately straddled with bombs through the expert cooperation of the three airmen. The third U-boat is here seen as she was settling down by the stern, her prowling days over for ever. Day by day, through such skilful operations—by Allied seamen as well as by airmen—the U-boat menace is being effectively countered.

Photo, U.S. Navy Official

THE WAR AT SEA

by Francis E. McMurtrie

ITALIAN NAVAL UNITS AT MALTA

Lying off Malta under the guns of this island fortress, on September 12, 1943, Italian warships numbered 20, including 5 battleships. In addition to the battleships there were 8 cruisers and 7 destroyers. The list is as follows :

Battleships : Caio Duilio, Andrea Doria, Italia, Vittorio Veneto, Giulo Cesare.

Cruisers : Luigi Cadorna, Pompeo Magno, Eugenio di Savoia, Giuseppe Garibaldi, Emanuele Filiberto Duca d'aosta, Raimondo Montecuccoli, Luigi di Savoia Duca degli Abruzzi, Scipione Africano.

Destroyers : Nicoloso da Recco, Vittorio Alfieri, Velite, Artigliere, Fuciliere, Grecale, Legionario.

See pages 335-338.

WITH the Italian Navy eliminated, it was inevitable that the German Fleet would receive a fuller share of the Allies' attentions. First intimation that something untoward had happened to the enemy squadron in Norwegian waters came from a neutral source. It was stated by a Swedish newspaper that acts of sabotage were believed to have been committed by members of the crews of German warships in a certain Norwegian harbour. This belief appears to have been based on the fact that salvage pumps had been observed being taken alongside one of the ships.

This is not the first report of disaffection amongst German crews in Norway. Although such stories should always be received with great caution, the situation of these German sailors is by no means a happy one. They are stationed at a long distance from their homes, with a hostile population around them, while their wives and families in the Reich are exposed to a steadily mounting campaign of heavy bombing.

A hint of the truth was given a little later when it was officially admitted in Berlin that on Sept. 22, 1943, an attack had been made on the German squadron in Altenfjord, near Hammerfest, by submarines of a small type. It was claimed that this attack had been a failure, but soon afterwards it became known that the "pocket battleship" Lützow, of 10,000 tons, had proceeded back to the Baltic. Following the Swedish statement that the use of salvage pumps had been called for, this suggested that there had been an attack which had damaged at least one of the ships.

ON October 11 the significance of all these reports was explained. In an Admiralty communiqué the story was told of a "very gallant enterprise," in which a number of midget submarines penetrated the farthest recesses of the Altenfjord, some 50 miles from the open sea, and delivered a successful attack on the German squadron. A series of very heavy detonations following on the discharge of the submarines' torpedoes proved that some of them had scored hits. Subsequent photographic reconnaissance showed the 42,000-ton Tirpitz, Germany's biggest battleship, still lying at her anchorage, surrounded by fuel oil which covered the part of the fjord in which she lay and extended over a distance of more than two miles from her berth. A number of small craft, probably repair ships or vessels to provide light and power, could be seen alongside the battleship.

Three of the midget submarines which executed this daring attack failed to return and must be presumed lost; but the Germans claim that some of the personnel were taken prisoners. Commanding officers of the missing submarines were Lieut. G. Place, D.S.C., R.N., Lieut. D. Cameron, R.N.R., and Lieut. H. Henty-Creer, R.N.V.R.

To reach the enemy anchorage the midget submarines had to pass through minefields and navigate an intricate series of channels without being detected by patrols; and the same obstacles had to be surmounted on the return passage. As the Altenfjord is 1,000 miles from the nearest British base, it is obvious that these submarines must have been brought most of the way by a mother-ship of some kind, in the same way that the Japanese midgets were taken to within striking distance of Pearl Harbour, Sydney and Diego Suarez in 1941 and 1942.

It was not long before the Germans in Norway received a further shock. In the first week in October the Home Fleet, under the command of Admiral Sir Bruce Fraser, made a sweep towards the northern shores of Norway, to cover the approach of a United States aircraft carrier. From this carrier a number of aircraft proceeded to raid the shipping in the "leads," or deep-water channels, between the Norwegian coast and the chain of islands fringing it. Altogether, eight vessels of various types, including an oil tanker, were sunk or badly damaged. All or most of them were undoubtedly engaged in transporting supplies to the German forces in the north of Norway.

These two attacks have shown that the German squadron in those waters can no longer expect immunity from attack, or to receive its supplies regularly, for Sweden now forbids their transit by rail. It is to be doubted whether the enemy can spare sufficient aircraft to maintain the full reconnaissance required to give warning of such raids. Two German planes which attempted to shadow the American carrier were destroyed. These tribulations must add to the discontent of German naval personnel, who may sooner or later demand to be brought back to a home port.

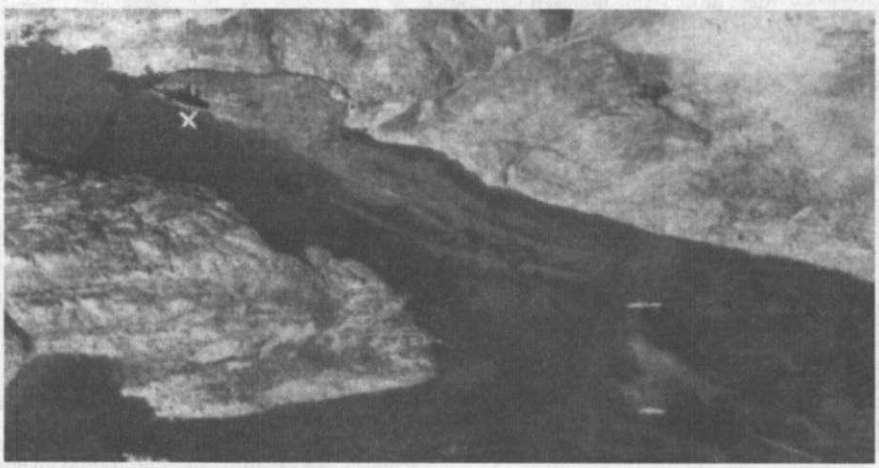
Since its occupation in the early weeks of the war, the Polish naval base of Gdynia has been increasingly utilized by the German Navy. Its distance from this country has hitherto rendered it raid-free, but on October 9 "strong formations" of American Flying Fortress bombers made a heavy pattern attack on the dockyard. Apparently the enemy must have been taken by surprise, for the anti-aircraft fire was light and negligible in its effects. It is probable that most of the warships in the port had been paid off for refit and that there were few if any ratings on board to man the guns. Pilots reported, however, that as the Fortresses approached the Germans sent up a great smoke screen.

Lt. H. HENTY-CREER, R.N.V.R. One of the three midget sub. commanders who did not return from the Tirpitz attack. In civilian life he was a film-producer, and was only 23.

Lt. D. CAMERON, R.N.R. Another of the valiant trio who displayed "the highest qualities of courage, enterprise and skill." Aged 27, he was formerly of H.M.S. Sturgeon.

Lt. G. PLACE, D.S.C., R.N. Aged 22, he won his D.S.C. for "bravery and devotion to duty," and also held the Polish Cross of Valour. He was a close friend of Henty-Creer.

Photos, British Official: Crown Copyright; The Daily Mirror



GERMAN BATTLESHIP TIRPITZ—42,000-ton sister-ship of the Bismarck, which was sunk in action on May 27, 1941—lies damaged at anchorage, and surrounded by a two-mile-long mass of thick oil, in the sheltered and well-guarded Altenfjord, Northern Norway, following a magnificently daring attack by British midget submarines on September 22, 1943. "It is difficult to realize the skill and determination necessary . . . to carry out such an attack," the Admiralty commented.

Photo, British Official: Crown Copyright

IT is believed that the ships at Gdynia include the battleship Gneisenau, of 26,000 tons, which has been under repair ever since she was badly damaged by torpedoes on her passage from Brest to Germany last year; the aircraft-carrier Graf Zeppelin, of 19,250 tons, of which no use has been made since her completion in 1940, so that she is generally regarded as a white elephant; the "pocket battleship" Lützow, whose doleful return from Norway has been related in a previous paragraph; the old cruiser Emden, of 5,400 tons, formerly in use as a seagoing training ship; and possibly the 10,000-ton cruiser Prinz Eugen, torpedoed by H.M. submarine Trident last year.

Reconnaissance photographs show that the raid resulted in four ships being set on fire, including the 13,387-ton liner Stuttgart, while oil storage tanks were hit and the naval yard, docks and railway yards were damaged. The "very successful completion" of this 1,600-miles bombing mission makes it clear that Gdynia can no longer be regarded by the German Navy as a safe harbour of refuge for its lame ducks.

These Little Ships Excel In High-Speed War

Cutting into the enemy's coastal lifelines and shipping reserves, harrying the E-boats and preventing them attacking our convoys, enabling our Commandos to make vital raids about which we do not always hear: these, writes HOWARD JOHNS, are some of the gallantly performed tasks of the Royal Navy's Little Ships and their indomitable leaders. See also opposite page.

IN their quiet way Light Coastal Forces of the Royal Navy, operating off the coasts of Norway, the Low Countries, France and Italy, have been responsible for some of the most successful attacks in modern war. Their prey, for the major part, consists of numerous German supply ships and tankers that attempt to run the gauntlet of British sea and air power by hugging close to the coasts of occupied Europe.

Precise figures of their successes are not to hand; they will have to wait until after the war. But it can be stated that dozens of tankers have been either sunk or seriously damaged by the Royal Navy's speed-boat fighters, and that has meant that squadrons of the Luftwaffe, based on Western Europe airfields, have gone short of essential oil supplies. Enemy troops, too, stationed in France, the Low Countries and Norway, receive a large proportion of their supplies by sea. German merchantmen, using Brest, Dunkirk, and other French ports as bases, are being called more and more into service by the enemy in an effort to free the railroads for more important traffic.

This has presented our Light Coastal Forces with more opportunities of showing their skill and daring; and with the aid of minelaying craft enemy convoys are often forced into lanes in which our motor-torpedo-boats and motor-gunboats are waiting.

The gunboats, most heavily armed craft for their size in the world, act as "Spitfires" to the torpedo-boats, which, with their "tin fish," might be described as the light bombers of Light Coastal Forces.

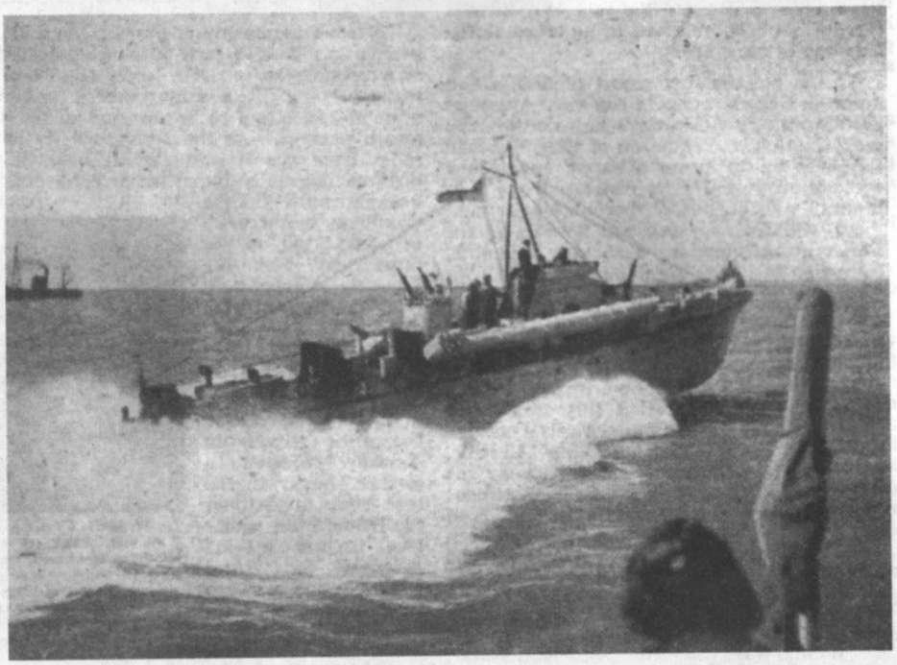
ALTHOUGH the Germans would not admit this, men of the little ships are blockading the enemy. It is becoming increasingly difficult for Germany to ferry supplies round to her scattered forces, and in a desperate effort to make things easier the number of escorts to each merchantman or tanker has been strengthened. Recently one tanker had an escort of five E-boats and two armed minesweepers—but that did not prevent our little ships from registering hits upon her.

It has been my pleasure to meet many of the young leaders who are responsible for this day and night—especially night—offensive against the enemy. The greatest was the late Lieut.-Cmdr. Robert Hichens, D.S.O. (and Bar), and triple D.S.C. "Hich," as he was known to all who served with our small craft flotillas, was the modern Drake of the North Sea. A born leader, he took part in 148 operations and 14 actions before a chance shot cut short his brilliant career.

In peacetime he was a solicitor at Falmouth. In his spare moments he used to sail his own yachts. He became an expert on the Channel and its approaches, and before the war joined the R.N.V.R. When war came and he was not called for Service, "Hich" wrote a letter of protest to the Admiralty—and eventually got his own way.

The German capture of the French Channel Ports enabled the Nazis to base their E-boats—they are really Schnellbootes, similar in design to but slower than our M.T.B.s—facing our South Coast, and they commenced to try to blockade this island. Hichens, and others of his breed, fought back. Slowly but surely they turned the tables upon the Nazis. The Germans have admitted that our craft have sneaked into Calais harbour and other French ports, gunned anchored German craft and docks, and sped away before the defence booms could be dropped.

Before the war one of Hichens' greatest friends was Peter Scott, son of the famous Antarctic explorer. Scott painted wild birds and sailed yachts, and he and "Hich" had much in common. War did not part these two great men; they served together with the Little Ships. Now Hichens has gone, but Lt.-Cmdr. Peter Scott is still fighting, and his great gallantry is adding glory to his flotillas.



MOTOR-TORPEDO-BOAT, one of the Royal Navy's "fly-weight terrors," moving at speed. Their quick-fire and hard-hitting raids on enemy shipping are complementary to R.A.F. bomber attacks on the enemy's land communications. M.T.B.s and their sister vessels, motor-gunboats, operate mainly off our East and South coasts from bases only 75-100 miles from the mainland of Europe.
Photo, British Official: Crown Copyright

ANOTHER who is adding to his fame with Light Coastal Forces is Lieut. Peter Dickens, D.S.O., M.B.E., D.S.C., a descendant of the great author. "Audacity" should have been his Christian name, for he has gained many victories by his complete disregard for personal safety. He is popular among his men, one of whom said to me recently: "The lads would do anything for the skipper. And it's because he's a fighter and not just a descendant of Charles Dickens." At 25 years of age this young man has gained much fame—but he prefers to be known as the son of Admiral Dickens, the Principal Admiralty Liaison Officer for the Allied Navies.

The majority of the craft attached to Light Coastal Forces flotillas are manned by either R.N.V.R. or Hostilities Only—"H.O." men in Navy language, who have joined the Senior Service since the outbreak of war. A typical example is Lieut. H. L. Lloyd, D.S.C., known in the Service as "Napoleon Lloyd" because of his hand-inside-the-jacket habit. He is said to possess the sharpest pair of eyes in the Royal Navy. On one occasion, when on night patrol in the North Sea, he told a surprised look-out that he could see an enemy convoy—about four miles off! The look-out and his shipmates could see nothing. An hour later Lloyd proved his point. A German convoy was spotted, and a sharp action took place.

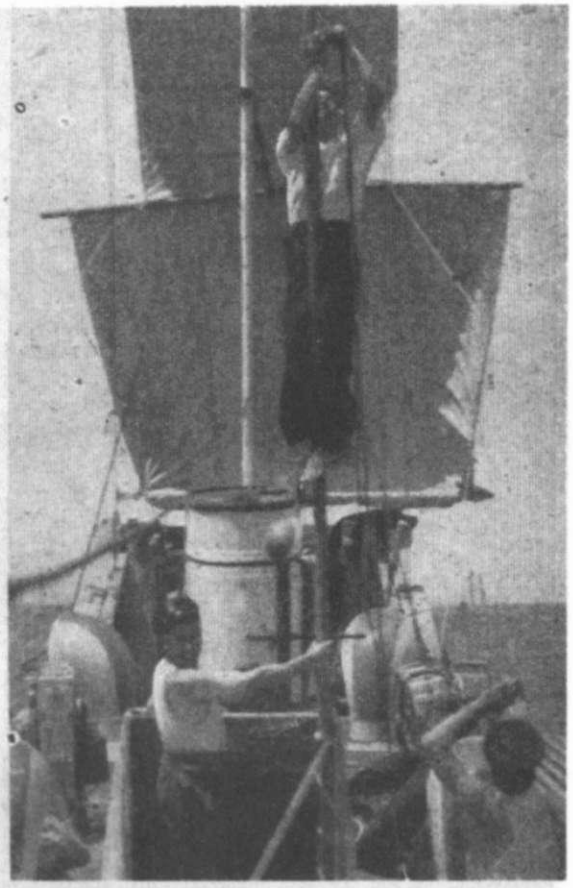
Lt.-Cmdr. P. M. SCOTT, M.B.E., D.S.C.
Son of the Antarctic explorer, famous bird painter, now the brilliant commander of one of the dauntless "Little Ships."

Lt.-Cmdr. R. P. HICHENS, D.S.O., D.S.C.
Scott's close friend, recently killed in action, whose bar to his D.S.O. and triple D.S.C. proved him a great hero.

Lieut. P. DICKENS, D.S.O., M.B.E., D.S.C.
Descendant of Charles Dickens, he is an intrepid skipper serving with the Light Coastal Forces with dash and daring.

Photos, British Official: Crown Copyright; Associated Press

Royal Navy Improvises as Well as It Fights



THE WANG-HO MAIN ROYAL tackle being fixed by a rating of the motor-launch. An awning, spars and boat-hooks went to the construction of this junk-like sail—an example of brilliant naval improvisation in emergency.

LITTLE SHIPS ARE DOING BIG THINGS in the war at sea. In this page we record two of their most remarkable recent exploits. First, the story of the motor-launch, one of a flotilla which set off on a 3,000-mile voyage from Britain to West Africa, and got there—under sail! Knowing they were attempting a journey which would take them to the extreme limit of their range, every expedient was tried to reduce fuel consumption to the minimum. But as they neared their destination supplies got so low that "fuel rationing" signals were made to the flotilla leader every four hours. Two days from port, the M.L. commanded by Lieut. Reynolds-Hale, D.S.C., R.N.V.R., fearing that otherwise it would have to be towed, cut down engine speed and rigged sails. With canvas awnings they fashioned a mainsail for the signal mast. With spars, boat-hooks and a smaller awning they made a sail amidships so like that of a Chinese junk that they called it the "Wang-ho Main Royal." Aft they hoisted the ordinary dinghy sail. With all sails rigged (above) the launch made 11 knots, and reached harbour on her last drops of fuel.

LIEUT J. O. THOMAS, R.N.V.R., shown above with his first lieutenant, Sub-Lieut. E. H. Whitehead, was in command of one of two motor-launches which, early on the morning of Sept. 25, 1943, intercepted a number of E-boats retreating off the East Coast. Lieut. Thomas put his helm over immediately and rammed the second boat in the enemy line. As it drew clear, both M.L.s engaged it with small guns. Then Lieut. Thomas's companion vessel rammed the enemy again, and further and heavier fire set it ablaze. Burning and abandoned by her crew—some of whom were rescued and taken prisoner—the E-boat sank after blowing up. Slightly damaged by enemy fire and the ramming, both M.L.s returned to port with casualties of only one officer and one rating slightly wounded. There they took ashore their blindfolded prisoners, including some officers (left). And there, no doubt, the personnel kicked their heels in impatience for the moment when they should slip from harbour again on the coastal patrol that goes on unceasingly. (*See* article in opposite page.)

Photos, British Official

Air Disaster Threatens Nazis as Foggia Falls

FOGGIA FROM THE PILOT'S COCKPIT. The highly important airfield system made available to the United Nations by the capture of Foggia on September 27, 1943—described by President Roosevelt as "one of the most important Allied successes yet"—consists of a main airfield two miles outside the town and 12 satellite fields surrounding it. As the map shows, this success gives us not only extension of air support for our armies pushing northwards in Italy, but air command of the Adriatic long-range fighter penetration into Yugoslavia, and new targets in Austria and Southern Germany. *Photo, The Times. Map by courtesy of The Daily Sketch*

OUR BOMBING RANGE INCREASED

By Captain Norman Macmillan, M.C., A.F.C.

IT is no exaggeration to assert that the major victory-winning factor in this war has been proved time and again to be the possession of airfields in the correct strategic positions. But that alone is not enough. It is also necessary to have the right types of aircraft in the essential numbers to take advantage of the strategic situation; and, when other Services are concerned in an operation, to develop to its logical conclusion the principle of the application of air power to the military object of attack so that it can be captured with the minimum loss in life and material in the shortest possible time.

The campaign in Tunisia was held up until the Eighth Army's advance provided suitable airfields whence three-dimensional war could be brought to bear upon the Axis forces which had held up the insufficiently air-supported First Army's advance from Algeria. Our airfields in Tunisia and Malta made the Sicilian operation a rapid success, with initial landings almost casualty-free.

AT Salerno we stuck our neck out farther, and had a hard fight to gain a foothold because we were so far ahead of the fighter bases. Mr. Churchill has stated that we went ahead as far as we dared. President Roosevelt's message addressed to Congress on September 17, 1943, made when the German retreat from Salerno had just begun, contained the following vital passages:

"It is now our purpose to establish bases within bombing range of Southern and Eastern Germany, and to bring devastating war home to these places by day and by night as it has already been brought home to Western Germany." Referring to the American raid on the Ploesti oilfields, he said: "We shall continue to make such raids all over the territory of Germany and the satellite countries. With Italy in our hands, the distances we have to travel will be far less and the risks proportionately reduced."

THE first of the important Italian mainland airfield areas to fall into Allied hands was Foggia, occupied by our Eighth Army on September 27. The main Gino Lisa airfield two miles outside the town is surrounded by 12 satellite fields extending outwards to 23 miles. The satellite fields have runway landing-strips of from 200 to 300 feet up to 1,700 yards, suitable for the operation of different types of aircraft.

The capture of Foggia and the two Naples airfields (which were occupied later) will enable the Allied air forces to provide the tactical air support needed by the Allied armies on the west and east coasts in order to advance north-westwards up the Italian peninsula.

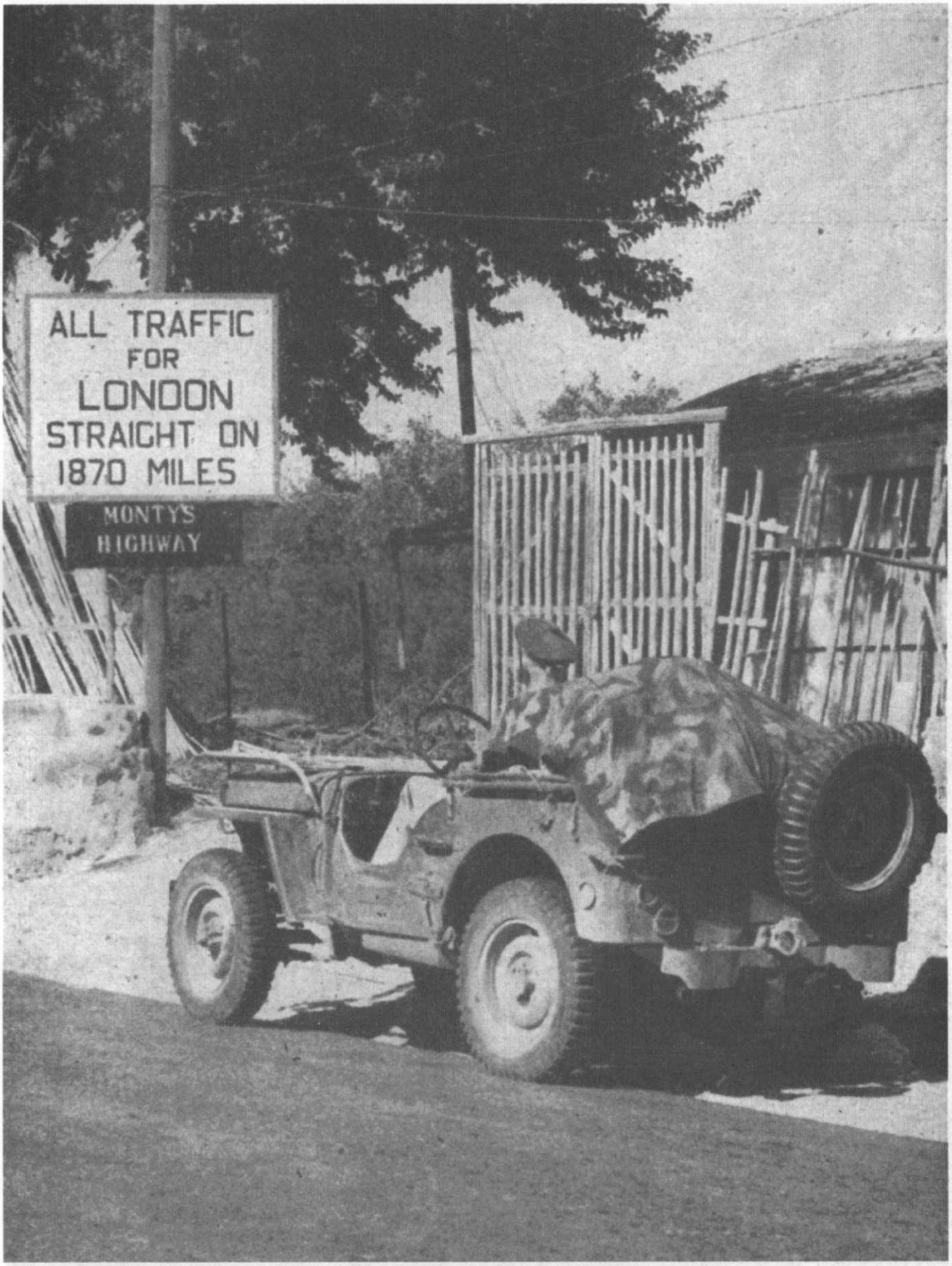
But more important than the tactical support which the Foggia airfields system makes possible are the strategic opportunities which it opens up. The great industrialized area round Vienna lies less than 500 miles away. Munich is exactly 500 miles distant. When the Fortresses and Liberators bombed Munich and Weiner Neustadt from North African bases on October 1 they had to make an outward flight of 900 miles. Use of Foggia will enable them to do the same job from about half the range. When the firm of Henschel moved their Kassel aircraft factory near to Vienna they thought they were transferring to a safe area. That area is no longer safe.

ONE most important aspect of closer range bombing operation is the greater certainty of being able to select the best meteorological conditions over the targets, for weather changes are more pronounced at greater distances and reconnaissance aircraft are handicapped in reporting conditions. But at reduced ranges meteorological reconnaissance aircraft can provide satisfactory weather map data for the bombers, which may spell enormously increased success to the operation.

Budapest is but 460 miles from Foggia, and Bucharest about a hundred miles farther. The Ploesti oilfields are fewer than 600 miles away. The whole transport artery of the Danube river, from Sulina to Passau, falls within a range varying between 350 and 750 miles. Belgrade is 350 miles away, Sofia 400, Salonika 380. From Foggia the Balkans lie under enfilade air attack.

Crete, that was to have been the Nazi bastion against attack upon the Balkans, has been turned, and all the enemy from Albania to the Crimea now face the threat of dual air attack from Russia in the East and from the Anglo-American forces in the West. To Germany the loss of Foggia is a strategic air disaster, the beginning of the end of her power in the Balkans.

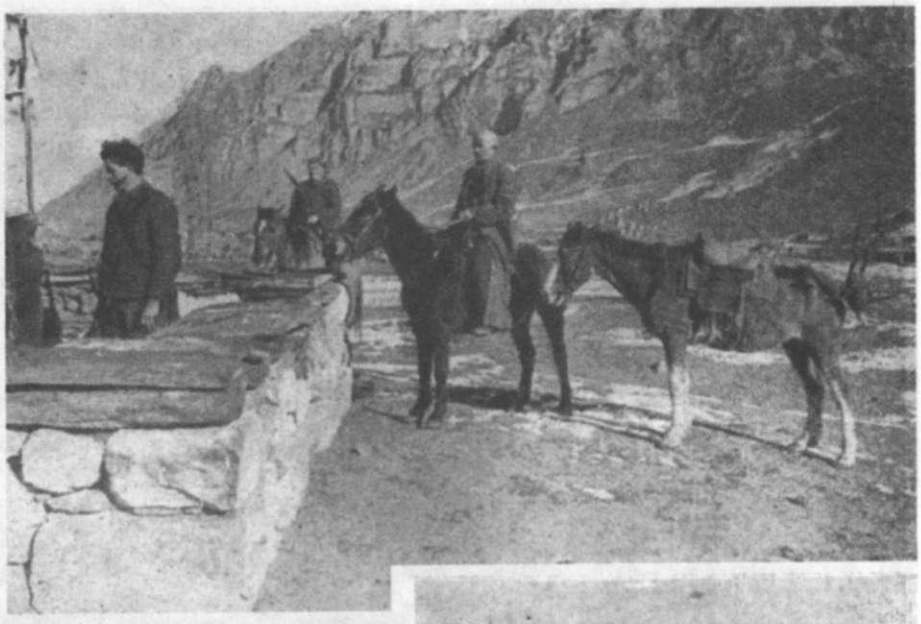
'Monty's Highway' Through Italy to Victory



FROM CALABRIA UP THE ADRIATIC COAST General Montgomery's 8th Army steadily advanced to take Foggia (see facing page) on September 27, 1943, and thereafter to split, one force keeping to the coast road, the other cutting across the Apennines to link with the 5th Army forging north to Rome from Naples. All along their victorious route Military Police have erected signboards such as this. "Monty's Highway" began at the very gates of Cairo on September 23, 1942, when the Desert Army set out on its "immortal march."

Photo, British Official

Guerilla Fighters Help to Free the Caucasus



MOUNTAINEERS, all of them fanatical patriots, helped the Red Army to clear the Northern Caucasus of the German invader. Honoured among these guerilla fighters is Bater-Bek (1), farmer.

Over the grave of his three brothers, who died fighting the enemy, he takes an oath to avenge them (2). His mother sees him off to join the partisans, adding to her blessing a horn of wine (3). His intimate knowledge of the countryside makes him an admirable guide (4). Though the partisan leader is worried at the rigours his men will have to undergo by the route suggested, they follow Bater-Bek with confidence (5) as he leads them through a mountain pass that will bring them face to face with the enemy.

On October 9, 1943, Moscow's victory guns saluted General Petrov's army, which by reaching the Chuska Spit opposite Kerch had finally cleared the North Caucasus of the enemy.

Photos exclusive to
THE WAR ILLUSTRATED

Russians Now Stand on the Road to Berlin

2

3

SMOLENSK, once Hitler's Russian Headquarters, and the city he ordered to be held at all costs, fell to General Sokolovsky's Red Army troops on September 25, 1943. Behind the conquering Russians lay 27 months of death, torture, hunger and cold: before them the road to Berlin was opened wide.

Nazi fury at forced retreat found its usual barbarous expression in widespread destruction and plunder: deserted streets and wanton havoc confronted the first Russian patrols (1). From their cellars (4) and other places of hiding the terrorized people of Smolensk soon emerged, paying tribute to their liberators with modest posies of field-flowers (3).

Meanwhile, 200 miles farther south, the battle for Kiev raged. At Chernigov, which fell on September 21, the enemy blew up bridges (2) in vain attempt to stem the apparently irresistible Russian advance towards the Dnieper.

Photos, Pictorial Press, Planet News

Army Carrier Pigeons Have Parachutes Now!

Astonishing developments are taking place in the Army Pigeon Service. ROBERT DE WITT tells how battle training and the provision of parachutes for the nimble carrier pigeon are increasing the usefulness of these birds, indispensable when wireless or other method of communication is lacking or cannot be employed. See also pp. 122 and 686, Vol. 6.

A SMALL group of British soldiers is isolated behind the enemy lines. Completely cut off from their main unit, a shell has smashed their portable wireless set; so no one knows of their plight. If food and supplies can be got through to them, they can hold out and act as a vicious thorn in the side of the stubbornly retreating enemy; otherwise, the men are finished. How to send a message giving their location is perplexing them. A "runner" would have little chance.

Overhead, an Army Cooperation plane appears. They signal to it, and in response a black object falls out. After falling a few feet, the object is seen as a miniature parachute. Down it comes, with its little container. In a few minutes the soldiers have reached the container, opened it, and found a pigeon, a little surprised, perhaps, but quite ready to do its duty and fly home. In a few seconds a message giving their exact position and stating what is required has been written on the thin paper inside the small red container clipped to one of the pigeon's legs.

One of the men throws the bird into the air, and after a preliminary circle it begins to fly straight to its home at the base. It can travel at sixty miles an hour, and within the hour those vital supplies may be on their way to the isolated men.

That is a typical incident of developments in the Army Pigeon Service. In spite of wireless and many other types of signalling, there are still occasions in modern war when only a carrier pigeon can get a message through. It is impossible, of course, for every small unit to carry pigeons into battle; therefore the Pigeon Service has worked out with Army Cooperation aircraft this method of dropping the birds where they may be required.

THE diminutive parachute and the container have been specially designed for the job. The container is made of corrugated cardboard, in the shape of a barrel, and is complete with a door; the bird's food—the Army Pigeon Service calls the outfit "bed and breakfast"—is in a trough hooked on the door of its temporary home.

Another type of container is intended specially for use over or near water. It is waterproofed, and divided diagonally so that two pigeons can be "packed." If it is dropped in water, it floats, and the pigeons can be taken out after some time without any danger of their having had a wetting. Pigeons cannot fly if their wings have become wet: a difficulty sometimes experienced when a plane lands in the sea and the crew want to use their birds.

The Army Pigeon Service has made great advances in these matters since the start of the war, when thousands of birds were mobilized from the lofts of amateur pigeon fanciers who volunteered to cooperate. Some of these advances remain secret, but it can be revealed that pigeons are now training under battle conditions in much the same way as the men who will use them. They are accustomed to the sound of aircraft and explosive by having planes dive at them and by firecrackers exploded near.

ADVANCES have been made in training pigeons to fly after the sun has set. The instinct to alight and roost with the failing light is stronger even than the homing instinct, and it has always been taken for granted that pigeons would stop flying at sundown. But even before the war experiments were conducted at Fort Monmouth, New Jersey, in breeding and training pigeons that would fly by night. The experiments were along the lines both of selection in breeding and "conditioning" the young pigeons. For instance, their cages were darkened during the day and only lighted at feeding time in the morning and evening. They were let out for short periods at dusk, and when they arrived on the alighting board a light was automatically switched on.

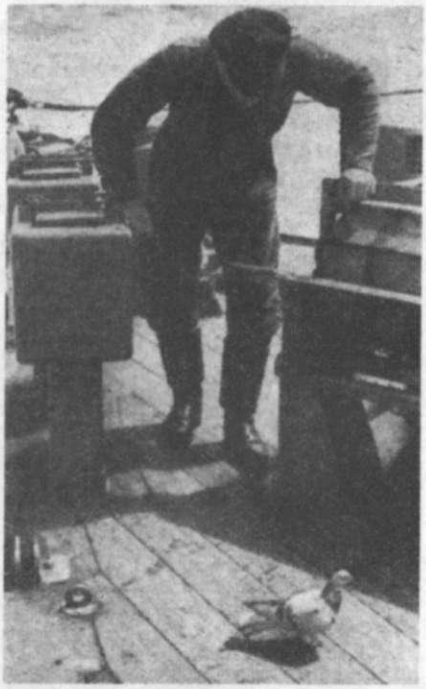
The length of flights made in conditions of light that would have sent the average pigeon to roost was gradually increased, and when secrecy descended on the experiments successful night flights of some miles had been reported. They represented a tremendous triumph of patience. The value of pigeons able to carry messages by night is very great.

The stamina and skill of carrier pigeons need no emphasis to the thousands of fanciers in Britain. But this war has provided some outstanding examples. One of the pigeons attached to a headquarters in England struggled home more than 55 miles after having been hit in the air. The agonizing journey, made with a gaping wound in its side, took the bird six hours instead of the usual 70 minutes or so. Only death will make a trained carrier give up.

Pigeons which have been hurt or have made exhausting journeys are given special medical treatment, convalescence and "sick leave." Some time ago one named Faithful was just getting fit again when an urgent call came for a reliable pigeon to accompany a plane on a difficult mission. Faithful was sent. The plane came down with its wireless broken. Dispatched with a message, Faithful flew 150 miles in good time.

Pigeons seem to enjoy flying in aircraft, but when there is trouble they are as liable to "shock" and fatigue as human beings. They are then taken off operations and given a rest. One given leave recently, named Bronzey, had been on 199 R.A.F. operations before the Halifax it was in caught fire; and Bronzey, although unhurt, showed symptoms of shock.

GOING TO BERLIN are the pigeons in these containers held by two of the crew of a Lancaster bomber which took part in a recent raid. Work and training of these indispensable message-carriers are described in this page. *Photo, L.N.A.*



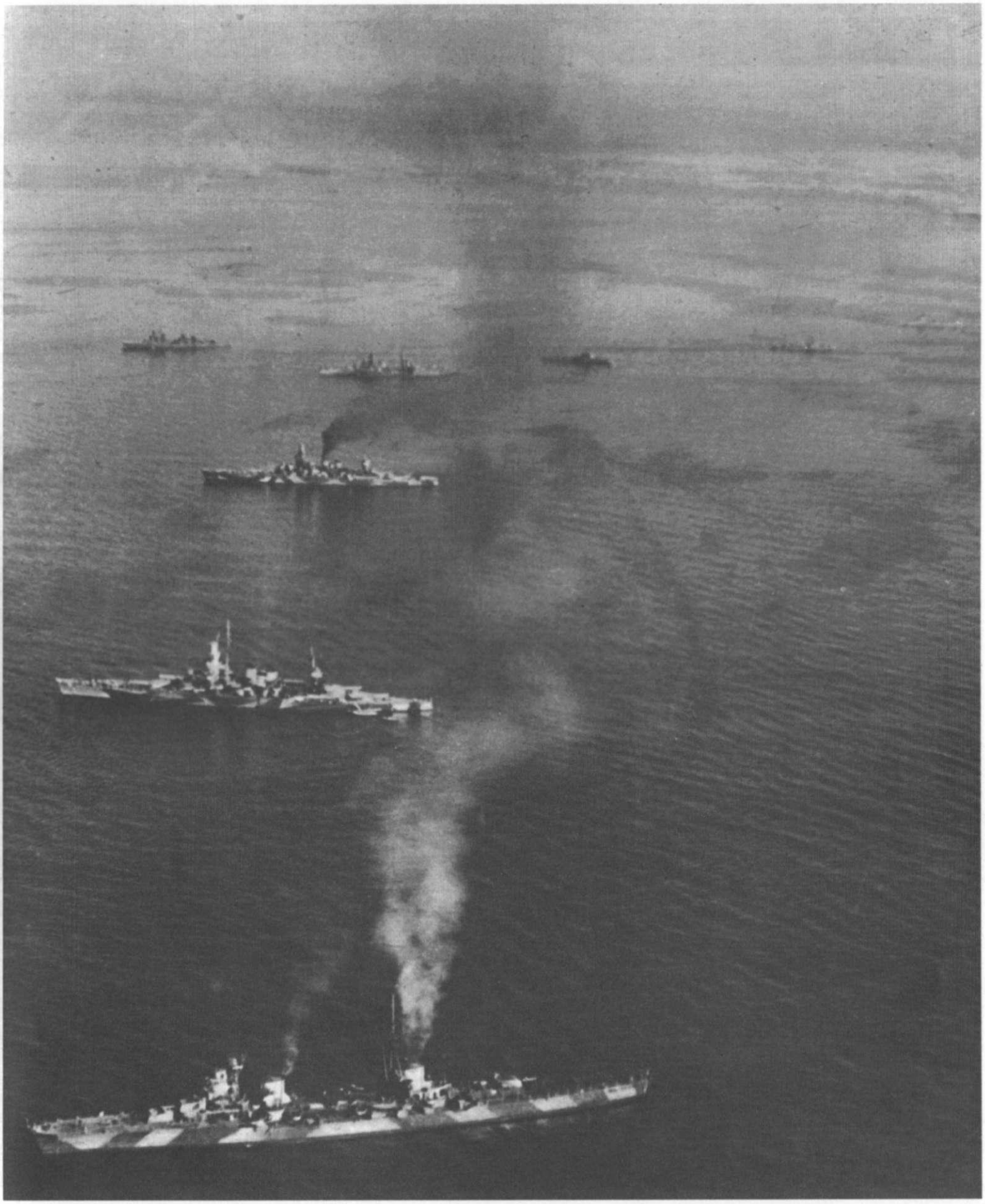
CAUTIOUS APPROACH to capture an exhausted pigeon which alighted on a cruiser in mid-Atlantic. The bird belonged to a North of England club and was returned home via Gibraltar. *Photo, Fox*

Known officially as Squadron-Leader Snow White, a carrier pigeon belonging to an Australian Lancaster squadron has more war flights to her credit than 90 per cent of the R.A.F. bomber crews. Her luck in over 100 operations has been so remarkable that there is always a rush to get her after briefing.

Her airman keeper says "Snow White has bags of air sense, and always knows when an operation is pending long before we do—she gets quite excited in her cage." During a recent night raid on Berlin, Snow White laid an egg, "an occurrence which happens fairly often over enemy territory."

WHEN a carrier pigeon was released in Scotland to fly to London it flew instead to Holland and was captured there by the Dutch patriots, says Vrij Nederland, Dutch newspaper published in London. It was released by them and it returned to its owner in Scotland, who discovered an unintelligible message fastened to its leg. The message was passed on to the authorities and turned out to be a code message to the Dutch Government in England.

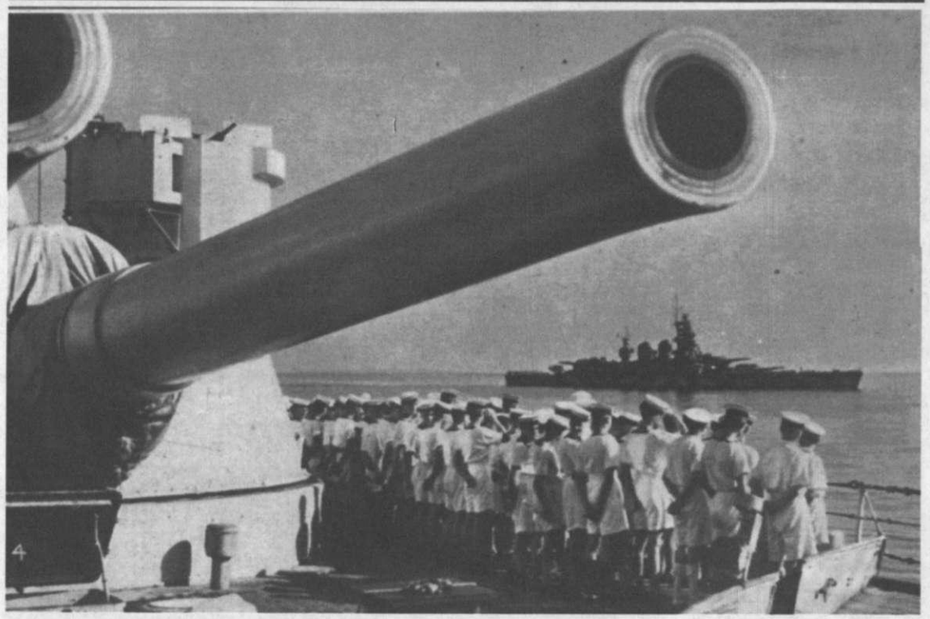
First news of the Dieppe raid, in August 1942, reached Britain by pigeon; security demanded wireless silence during some phases of that expedition. In any large-scale operations against the Continent carrier pigeons would be likely to play an important part, taking news from small units to headquarters. Many of these pigeons work from the lofts of their owners, amateur fanciers who breed and train for the services. The owners have to keep a twenty-four-hour watch on their lofts when a pigeon is out on a mission. They get twopence each time one of their pigeons flies for the Army.

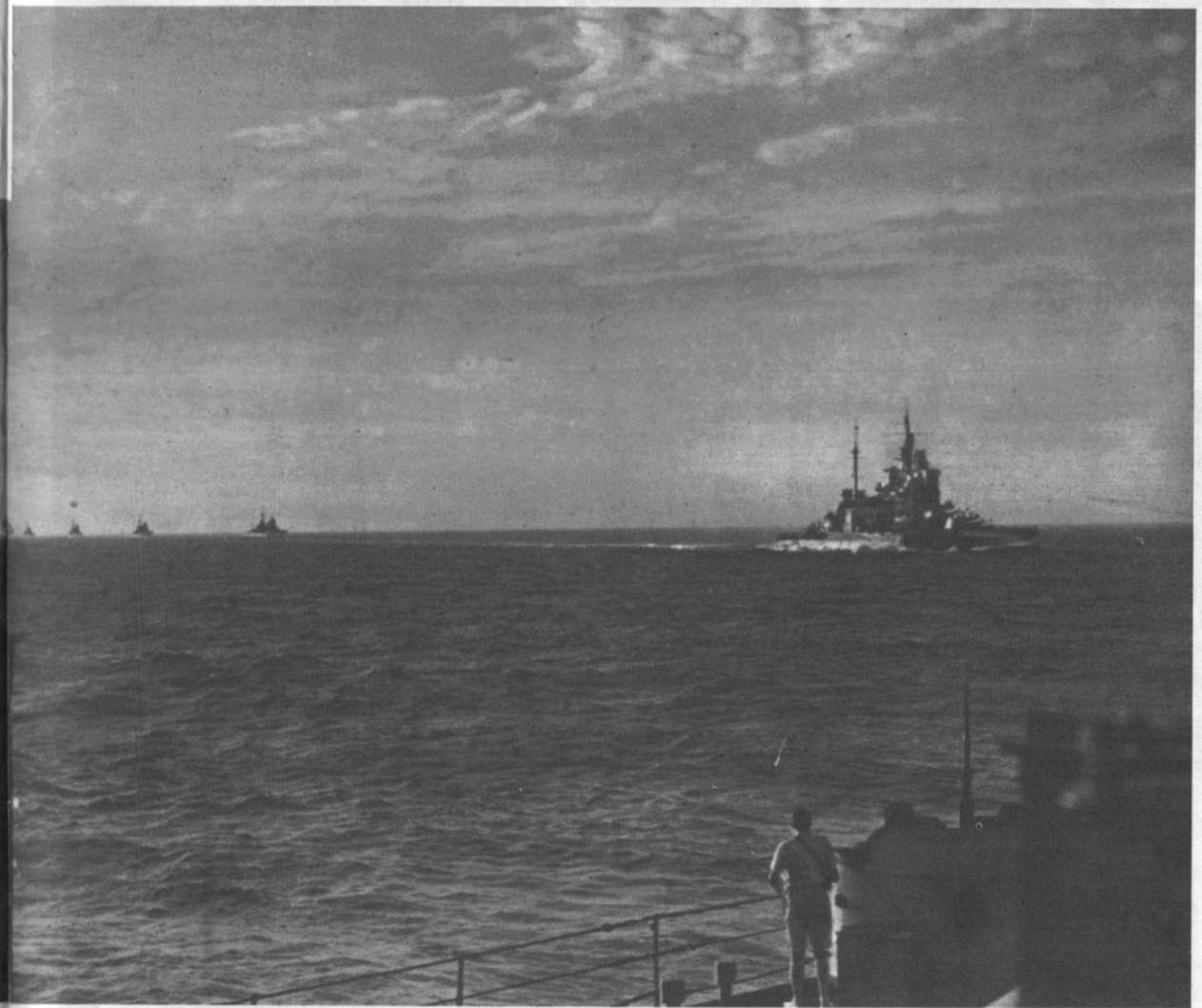


Photos, British Official: Crown Copyright

Journey's End: Spezia to Valetta

On the night of September 10, 1943, vessels of the Italian Fleet steamed silently and without pride into the Grand Harbour of Valetta, Malta. Thus ended the Battle of the Mediterranean. Admiral of the Fleet Sir Andrew Cunningham's policy of aggressiveness had indeed paid handsome dividends to the United Nations. Above, an air view of the harbour with Italian battleships and cruisers anchored side by side with their Royal Navy escorts.





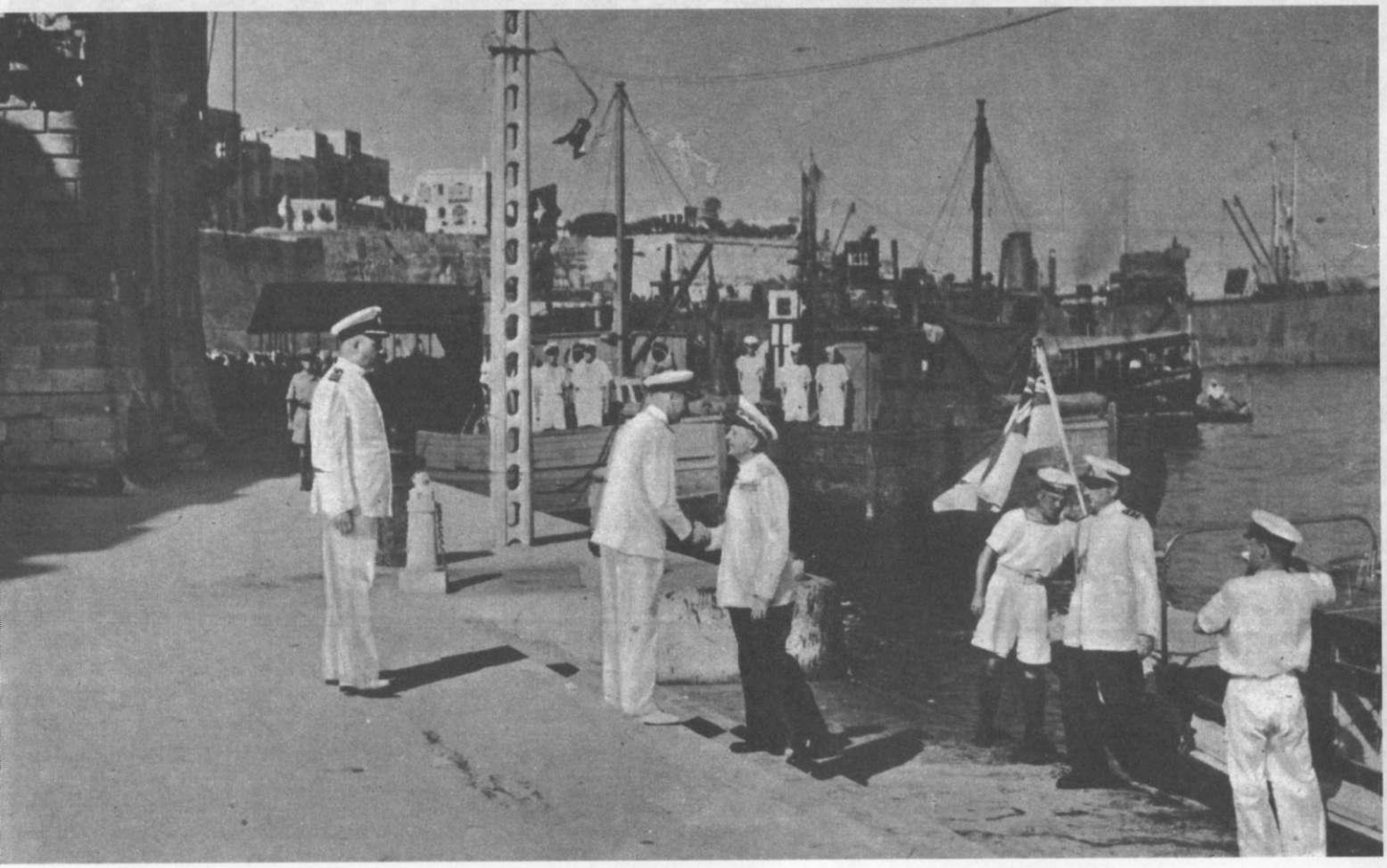
They Steamed Under Royal Navy Escort—

By September 12 most of the Italian Fleet had been accounted for. Save for the incomplete Impero, the badly damaged Conte di Cavour, Bolzano and Gorizia, and the ill-fated Roma which was sunk (3) by German Ju88 bombers soon after leaving Spezia, Mussolini's once-vaunted Navy lay under Malta's guns, or at Alexandria, Cyprus or Haifa. Ratings of H.M.S. Warspite (1) had a grandstand view as the Savoia steamed past, followed by the Venita and Italia.

Photos, British Official : Crown Copyright
Planet News

—With a Black Flag Flying at the Masthead

An Italian Artigliere class destroyer (2), flying a black flag at her masthead in token of the "cease fire" passes the ship carrying General Eisenhower and Admiral Cunningham, who share the laurels for one of the most significant victories in British naval history. Accompanying the Warspite in the escort was H.M.S. Valiant (5), here leading two Italian battleships and five cruisers to Malta. A closer view of a Littorio class battleship is seen (4) beneath the Warspite's guns.



This Was Malta's Greatest Hour

Photos, British Official: Crown Copyright

On the afternoon of September 11, Admiral Romeo Oliva, Commander of the Italian Fleet, stepped ashore at the Custom House, Valetta, to be greeted by Commodore Royar Dick (bottom photograph), who conducted him to Admiral Sir Andrew Cunningham for the formal submission. It was the hour of exultation for the long-beleaguered island that so often had neared exhaustion. Italian sailors aboard the Guilio Cesare (top) looked on, smiling their own approval.

VIEWS & REVIEWS

Of Vital War Books

by Hamilton Fyfe

Where Stands Franco's Spain?

To all but a few of us British folk Spain is an unknown land. It well repays a visit. In itself the country is not beautiful, save here and there in the south. But it is immensely interesting. The Moors during their long rule built lovely mosques, such as the one at Cordova, and almost fairy palaces, of which the Alhambra remains scarcely spoiled at all by either Time's effects or the stupidity of man.

No one who has seen the bridges at Toledo or the great cathedral of Segovia (like a ship in full sail, it has always seemed to me) is ever likely to forget them. If you have sat through the night before Good Friday to watch the processions of cowled figures carrying images through the streets of Seville, you keep an imperishable memory of what you may call either piety or superstition.

Most of us in Britain associate Spain with bull-fighting, which we shudder at as callously cruel, though hunting the fox, the stag, the hare and the otter presents scenes equally disgusting. We think of Spaniards as people who always put off till tomorrow what they ought to be doing today. We know they often say *Mañana*, which means the same as the South African Dutch expression, "There's another day tomorrow." Of their politics, their methods of government, their place in the scale of civilized nations, we know very little indeed. That was proved by the puzzlement of the British public when King Alfonso was sent packing; and later when a clique of generals and ecclesiastics started civil war and induced Hitler and Mussolini to destroy the Spanish Republic.

DURING the present war the position of Spain has caused equal bewilderment. We have been told—by himself and others—what fine work Sir Samuel Hoare, our Ambassador in Madrid, was doing; that he kept Franco, the dictator who governs in the interest of the Church, the army and the twin aristocracies of birth and riches, neutral or rather non-belligerent; and that we must do all we can to make him secure against the Republican masses. It did not seem to the British public that there was much to be gained by supporting a ruler who sent conscripted troops to fight in Russia against our Allies; who openly declared in his speeches that he not only hoped but felt sure Hitler would win; and who in many ways did what he could to help him defeat us when we stood alone.

How a despot who had been so brutal, so deceitful, and so warmly attached to the Nazis who flouted his Church, could be a "gallant Christian gentleman," as Lord Croft, now Under-Secretary for War, called him, or how he could, in the words of Capt. Ramsay, M.P., now detained in Brixton prison, be "fighting the cause of Christianity against anti-Christ," was hard to understand.

FOR enlightenment about this and other difficulties in finding answers to the Spanish riddles which have appeared insoluble to so many of us the best book I have seen is Appeasement's Child (Gollancz, 7s. 6d.), written by an American newspaper man who knows the country and other European countries well, and who shows us a Fascist State in action, giving us, as Mr. Ickes, United States Home Secretary, said about the book, "a glimpse into tomorrow towards the problems we must meet and errors we must not repeat when we win our peace."

The most dangerous error made in the past, Mr. Thomas J. Hamilton holds, was committed by the rulers of Britain, the United States and France, in allowing Hitler and Mussolini to rehearse for the present war from 1936, when the Spanish civil war began, to 1938, when the present totalitarian system was clamped upon the Spanish nation. If the Spanish Government, elected by popular vote in democratic fashion, had been permitted to purchase arms, as all Governments fighting for their lives had done in the past with the sanction of international law, we should have had Spain on our side, heartily with us and fiercely hostile to the Nazis and Fascists. This would have been of value in many ways; it would probably have shortened the war. Why, asks Mr. Hamilton, have we continued the policy of Appeasement? Why have the Foreign Offices in Washington and London supposed that by patting and stroking Franco, and letting him have supplies to pass on to Germany, and holding out hopes (as President Roosevelt did) of a vast tourist invasion of Spain after the war, we could detach him from the other totalitarian tyrants?

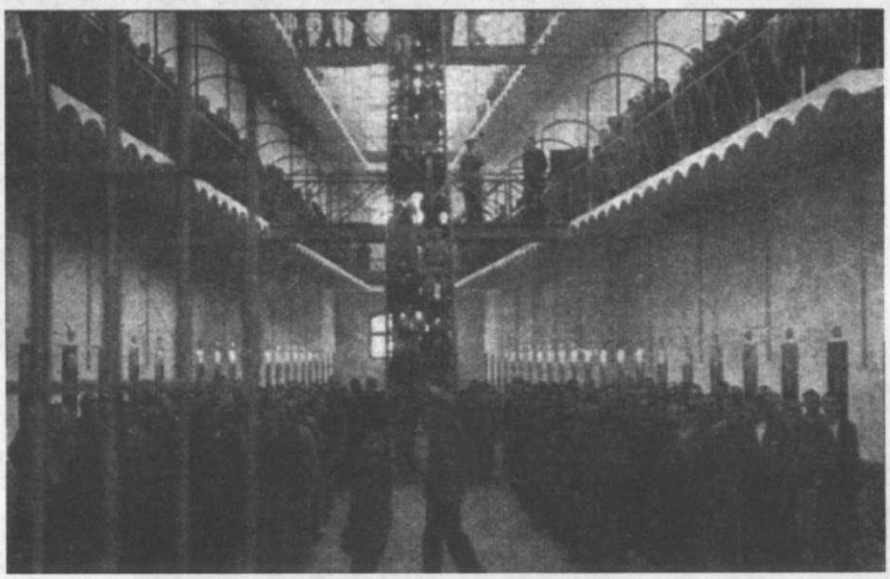
Since the book was written we have taken a firmer tone. Franco has now shown that he knows Hitler cannot win. Spanish newspapers, instead of abusing and sneering at the forces of democracy, fawn upon us and tell their readers what fine fellows we are. But do not let us deceive ourselves, is Mr. Hamilton's message. The Falange, on which Franco depends, may plead that it is not really Fascist, but it is so like that no difference is discernible. Franco may make changes, which will actually alter nothing. He cannot change himself; and there is abundant evidence in the book that he is a clever, cunning, opportunist politician, who will never relax his grip on power until it is forcibly wrenched from his hands.

He shows his cleverness by his skill in juggling with the conflicting interests of his supporters. Church, army, Falange, finance, big business, all have to be kept sweet, and this is far from easy. What they are agreed on apparently is that democracy is "pi'sen wherever met," and that Spain ought to be again an empire, with the South American Republics subservient to Madrid and the Roman Catholic Church linked to it for mutual aid. This megalomania has got full hold of Franco. Many Spaniards cannot see any place for them in the future, so they would like to bring back the past. They can't, but they might give trouble by trying.

IF the Republic had stamped heavily on the "old gang" which worked in secret against it, it would have survived and probably prospered. No Government would, I think, ever be popular in Spain, for the people don't like being governed. They confirm in amusing fashion, and sometimes in horrifying fashion too, the saying "There's nowt so queer as folks." Where else could you find an old lady like the one, very rich and very Catholic-Conservative, who entertained a number of Red soldiers regularly, got them to play cards, and won their money by cheating? Would any of Hitler's other little helpers dare to keep the Fuehrer waiting half an hour on a railway station by being late for an appointment, then turn up smiling (as Franco did) as if he were dead on time?

When the American Red Cross took food to Spain for those who were in dire need after the civil war, they had to bribe the Fascist officials to distribute it. Customs officials also insisted on collecting duty on it. Government departments are continually at loggerheads. The police are a law unto themselves. Every business house employs a man with pleasant manners to "fix" things with the various authorities. The Auxilio Social (Social Help) was given huge amounts of money to spend and spent only a quarter of it on feeding the hungry. They did not steal the rest. They just frittered it away.

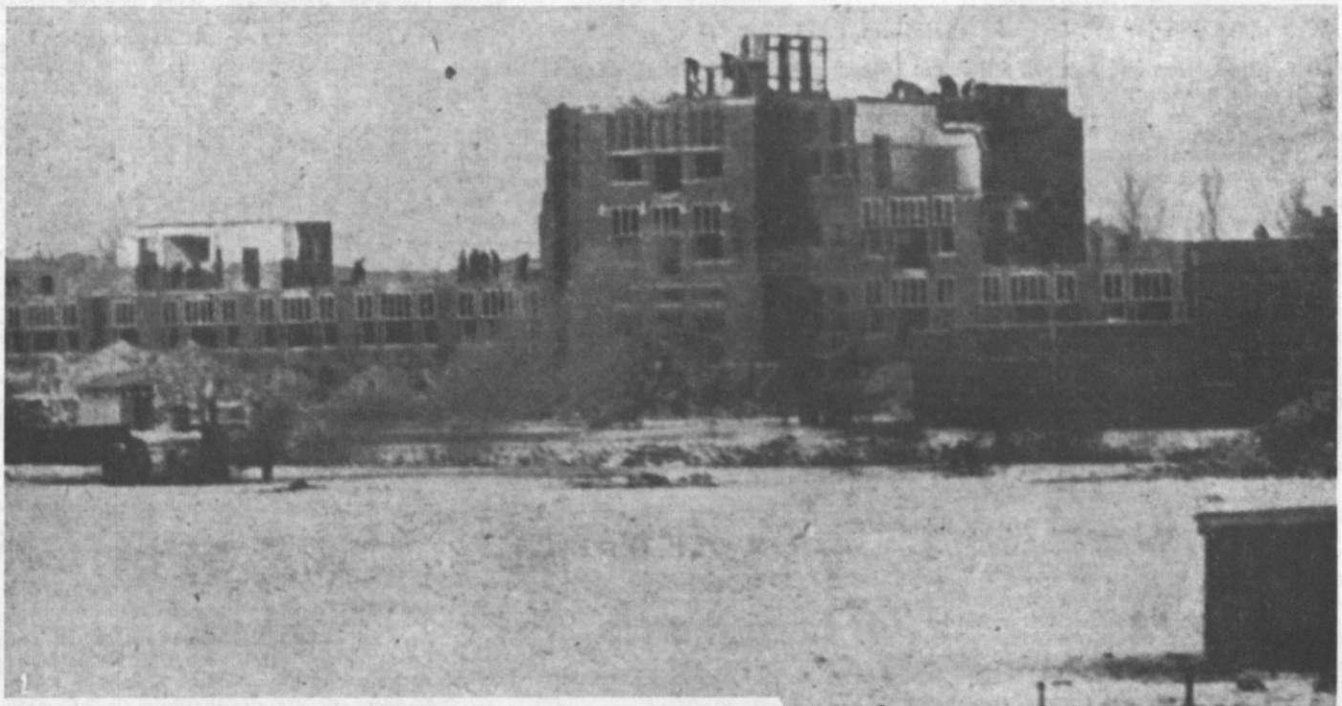
WHY, you may ask, do the Spanish people put up with the incompetence and dishonesty of their government, its harshness to the poor, its toleration of *Estraperlo*, which means "racket" (as when a railway clerk says there are no tickets for the train and produces one immediately a tip is offered)? Why do they? The only answer is: "Because they don't know any better." But some day they will, Mr. Hamilton feels sure.

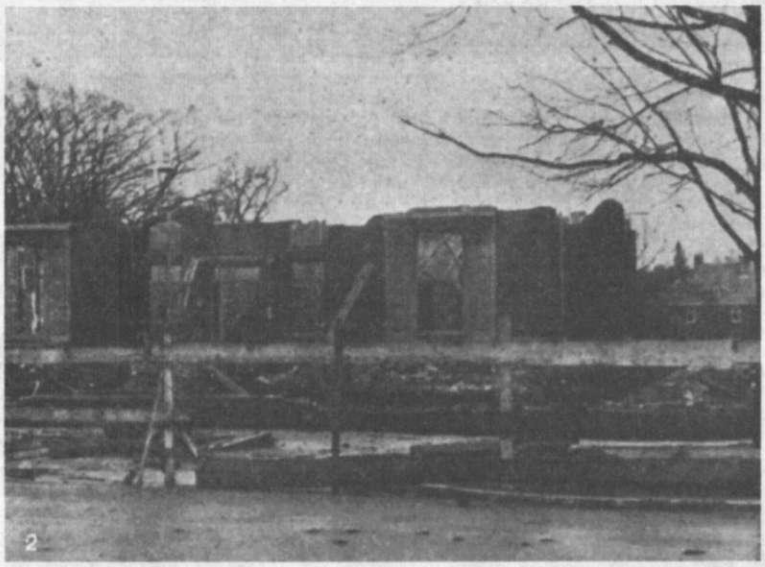


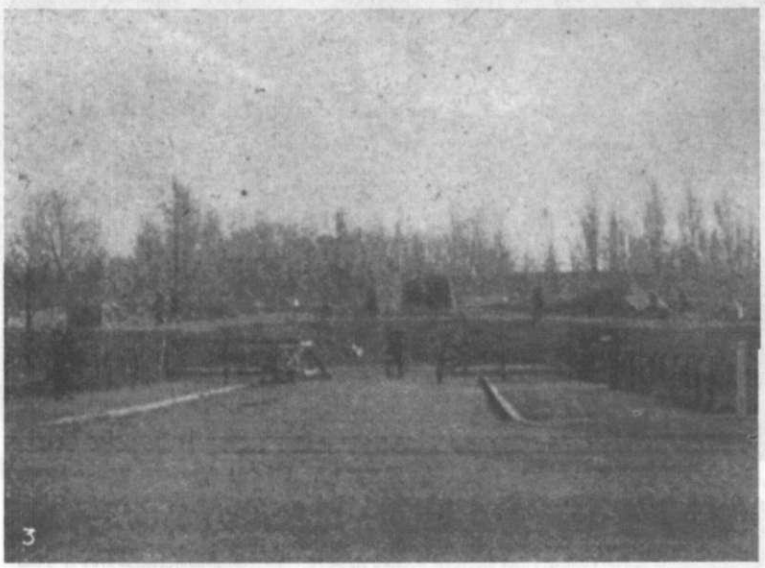
IN FRANCO'S GAOLS, of which this one at Valencia is a sample, there were in the autumn of 1939, according to an estimate by Vatican authorities, half a million political prisoners. The bulk of these were Republicans who had fought against the Nationalists—backed by Germany and Italy—in the Civil War, which lasted from July 18, 1936, to April 4, 1939. Present-day conditions in Fascist Spain are the subject of the book reviewed in this page.

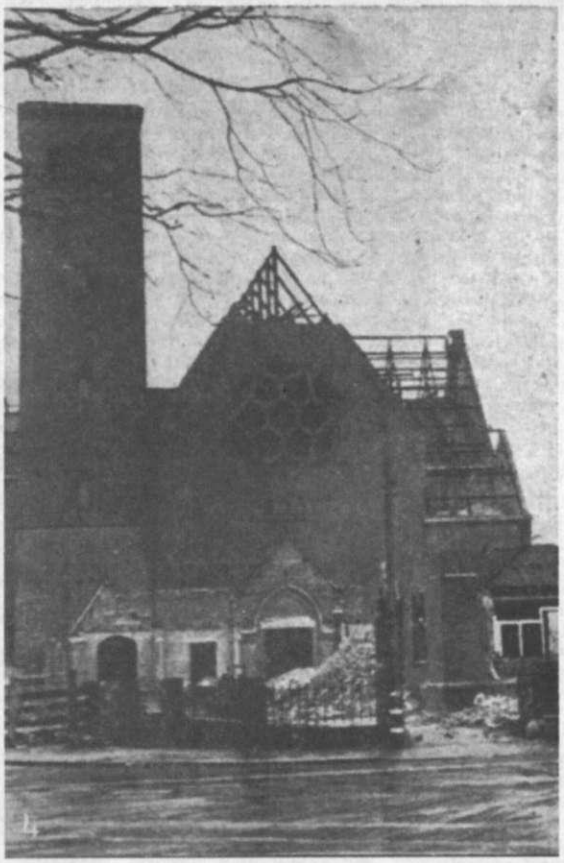
Photo, The March of Time

Dutch Buildings Doomed by Nazi Defence Plans









SYSTEMATIC DEMOLITION is generally heard of when an army is in headlong retreat. But from The Hague, capital of the Nazi-occupied Netherlands, come shocking reports of ruthless destruction of fine public buildings as part of the enemy's hurried preparations to stem an Allied invasion. A lyceum (modern high school) is seen in process of demolition (1), since completed. The house of the former Dutch Premier, Dr. Colijn, was not spared (2); and a Roman Catholic Church (4), and the Red Cross Hospital in the Sportlaan (3), shared the same fate. The site of this hospital has now been cleared.
Photos by courtesy of the Netherlands Government Information Bureau

In Sight of the Enemy on the Road to Naples

FIFTH ARMY PATROL enters the village of Pugliano hard on the heels of the Germans retreating across the Plain of Naples. Moving ahead of our main forces, these men's job is to maintain contact with the enemy, and here the sergeant leading the patrol has paused for a moment to study the ground ahead through his binoculars. His four riflemen crouch behind ready for instant action, while, out of sight, the patrol's Bren-gun group is doubtless suitably placed to give protection by covering fire.

Photo, British Official: Crown Copyright

Across the Adriatic Dalmatia Beckons Us

Advance of our 8th Army up the east coast of Italy focuses attention sharply on Dalmatia, at points only about 70 miles across the Adriatic. HENRY BAERLEIN outlines past conditions and the present strategic situation in this most turbulent country—gateway to the Balkans—where patriot bands have unceasingly harassed their Axis oppressors.

ONE presumes that King Victor Emmanuel ordered, some little time ago, that the words "Emperor of Abyssinia" should be removed from his visiting-cards; and now, with the Allies in possession of that part of the Italian mainland sixty or seventy miles from the Albanian coast, he will, no doubt, be ready to abandon his claim to the title of "King of Albania."

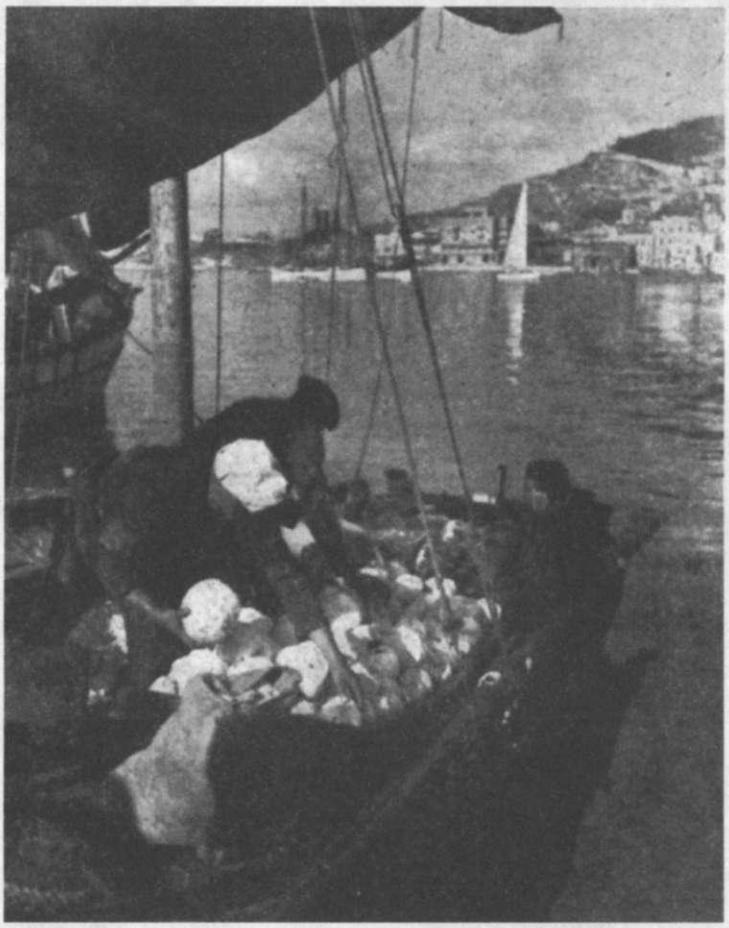
After all, it was conferred on him by an arch-villain who, on Good Friday 1939, launched an unprovoked attack on a people numbering no more than a million, a people who asked only to be left alone. Every Albanian does not live in a "kula," but most of them wish they had one, a tower whose entrance can only be reached by means of a ladder which the householder then pulls up behind him. If he looks out of one of his loop-hole windows he may see a shepherd with half-a-dozen emaciated cows or sheep—and a rifle to prevent their loss.

Some years prior to Mussolini, Italy had been considering this rather primitive country, which in the course of two thousand years has produced one great man, Skanderbeg, who was said to be a Slav. Italy arrived with sundry loans and then pervaded the country to such an extent that the natives revolted and thrust the invaders out from every part except the lofty little island of Saseno, just off the shore, which the Italians planned to convert into a second Gibraltar. No Albanian was admitted. Afterwards came more loans and another Italian infiltration.

Now the Germans will do their utmost to keep the Allies out of Albania, not merely because their armies in Greece would be in a precarious situation, but also because the Albanian ports, ill equipped as they are, might in some degree serve the Allies as did Salonika in the last war. There are no Albanian railways, so that any troops we may land will have to overcome a German resistance far less sustained than that at Salerno. The Albanians will probably not give much assistance to either side, despite the independence that both sides will almost certainly offer.

The average Albanian, less interested in the possible liberty of his country than in his own liberty to give other Albanians a raw deal, will, however, suspend his usual fratricidal operations if more profitable ones are held out to him in the service of either the Allies or the Germans. Let our pre-landing propaganda refer not much to the Atlantic Charter but to the gold and groceries that will be distributed among the deserving population. The Sons of the Eagle, as they call themselves, will then be eager to collaborate, scouting for our troops in the mountain regions and lowering the enemy's morale by a drastic treatment of stragglers.

When the Allies land in Montenegro they will, of course, have the very active support of the Yugoslav Minister of War, the heroic General Mihailovitch, who for so long has not only held out in those almost inaccessible mountains, but has inflicted serious losses among the foe. It is not always remembered that the Montenegrins are the purest of Serbs, descendants of those who, six hundred years ago, fled to the Black Mountains when the Serbian Empire was crushed by the Turks at the fatal Field of Blackbirds. The recent sufferings of the Serbs have made their Montenegrin brothers more and more eager to help them, and here the Allies will have 100 per cent collaboration.



VEGETABLE BOATS IN HARBOUR AT SPLIT, main Yugoslav seaport on the Adriatic and scene of fierce fighting between partisans and German troops in September 1943. Allied control of the Adriatic has greatly encouraged patriot uprisings throughout Dalmatia. **(See facing page.)** *Photo, Mrs. Muir*

Winter campaigns in the Balkans are generally to be deprecated, but they are not necessarily doomed to failure. Thus, for example, as Colonel Contoleon, the Greek Military Attaché, has been reminding us, operations during the Balkan War of 1912 were continuously and effectively carried on from September to February; one of the most important battles, the storming of Bizani, the fortress of Janina, by the Greek army taking place on February 21, in the midst of the Balkan winter.

As the Germans, far better equipped than the Yugoslav patriots, have after severe fighting captured Split, the chief Dalmatian port, and a number of others, we shall have to eject them from the entire coastal district, a more arduous operation than will be their dislodgement from the intervening islands. Their retention of the Greek island of Corfu and of the Dalmatian group farther north will be impossible against our sea and air supremacy; and these weapons will be very efficacious against the Germans in the narrow strip of mainland between the bleak mountains and the Adriatic. There the screen of islands, admirable for the activities of Yugoslav mariners, will greatly hamper the hostile and assist the friendly invader.

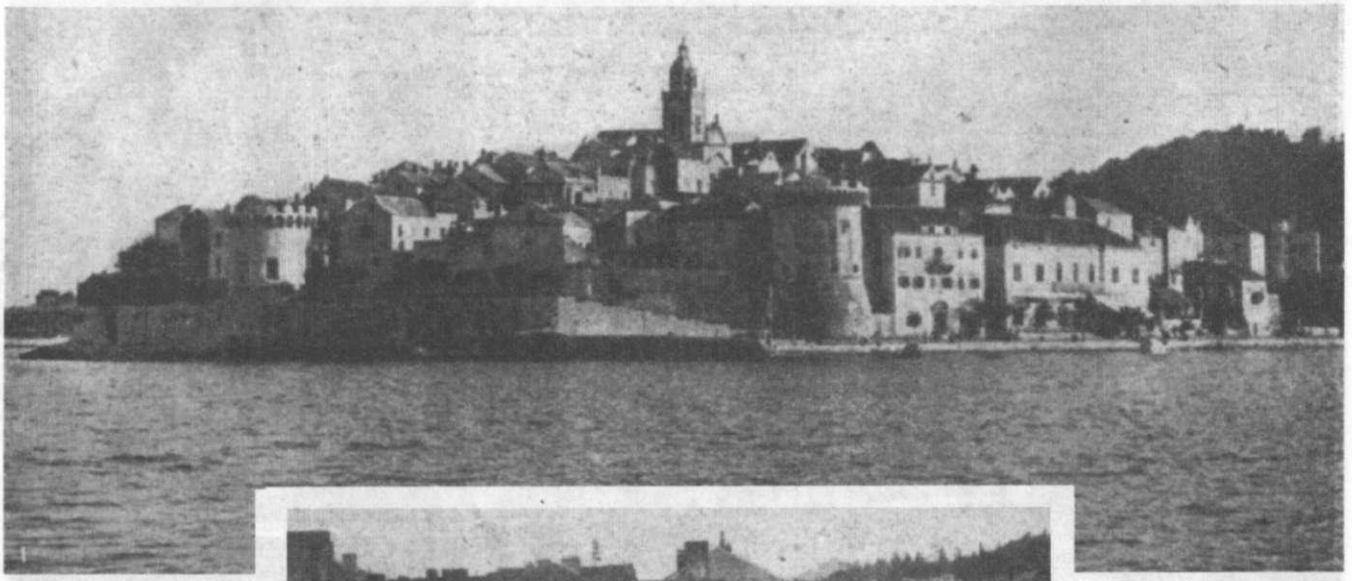
It used to be the fashion to assert that Dalmatia was impregnable because of the spine of mountains separating the coastal districts from the rest of the country. But the blocking power of mountains tends to be exaggerated. They often offer more opportunities for offensive infiltration than can be found in a closely knit web of fire in flatter country. They also handicap the defender in switching his reserves laterally in time to check a thrust up any particular valley.

FROM the ports of Dubrovnik and Split railways and roads run into Bosnia and Croatia. Both these provinces have provided the Axis with a good deal of trouble, whether at the hands of Mihailovitch's Chetniks or from the so-called partisans. Perfect collaboration has not always prevailed between these two, whose political outlook is respectively towards the right and the left, but both are essentially patriotic; and even if there had not been happily brought about the present far greater tolerance towards each other—we are told that senior Allied officers have been amongst them—they will assuredly fight shoulder to shoulder against the detested German.

The partisans used to accuse Mihailovitch of sending back Italian prisoners and even Germans. But he could spare no men to guard them and, not being a murderer, he returned them — without weapons and with a certain amount of clothing—if tins of petrol were given in exchange, one for a private and up to fifty for a colonel.

IN consequence of the Italian "about-turn" the Germans have had to rely more on the Ustachi, that terrorist organization on whom they conferred Croatia, where Pavelitch, their leader, used to form a political party of one person. He increased his popularity among the shadier elements by organizing the assassination of King Alexander of Yugoslavia, but when the Allies, together with Chetniks and partisans, go surging forward it is unlikely that the Germans will put themselves out to conceal him, as did the Fascists after the aforesaid assassination when Mussolini caused the Yugoslav delegates at Geneva to be told that unfortunately he had vanished. The day is not far distant when he will long to vanish again into that luxurious government-owned villa near Turin.

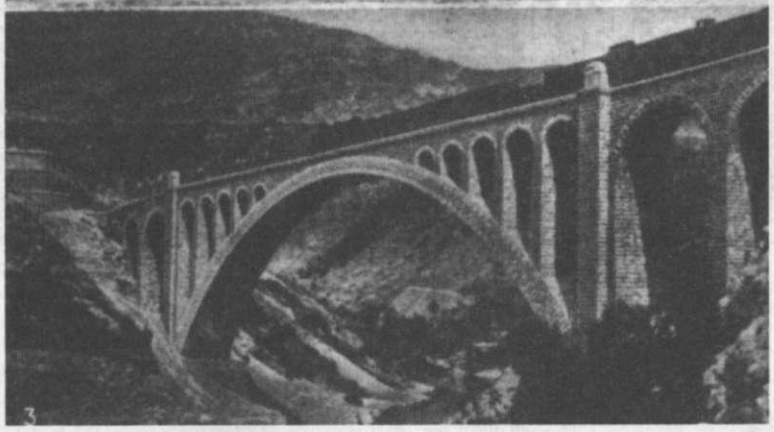
Revolt Flares Up in Feud-Ridden Yugoslavia



YUGOSLAVIA is again in ferment. This feud-racked land of the Serbs, Croats and Slovenes, a product of the Treaty of Versailles, has known little internal peace since its foundation. Racial and political differences, with their resultant party squabbles in Parliament, made a mockery of Yugoslav democracy and led the people into a succession of dictatorships.

To their credit, however, it must be remembered that the revolt of March 27, 1941, was a case, probably unique in European history, of an Army rebelling against its Government in order to restore power to the people, who insisted on resisting the Axis invaders even though they were miserably unprepared.

The many recent guerilla activities of the patriots, under Mihailovitch, and the partisans, under Tito, both in collaboration with Middle East Command, prove that, though domestic differences persist, the Yugoslavs are at least united in their desire for national freedom.



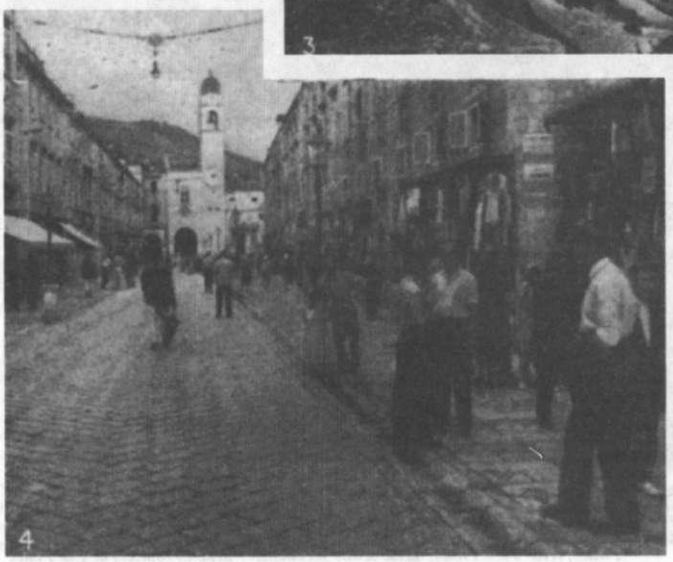
KORCULA, chief town of the Dalmatian island of that name (1), which was captured by Yugoslav patriots.

The bridge in Susak (2) connecting the town with Fiume marks the old Yugoslav-Italian border. After 20 days' fighting it was announced on October 3, 1943, that the Germans had retaken the town from the partisans.

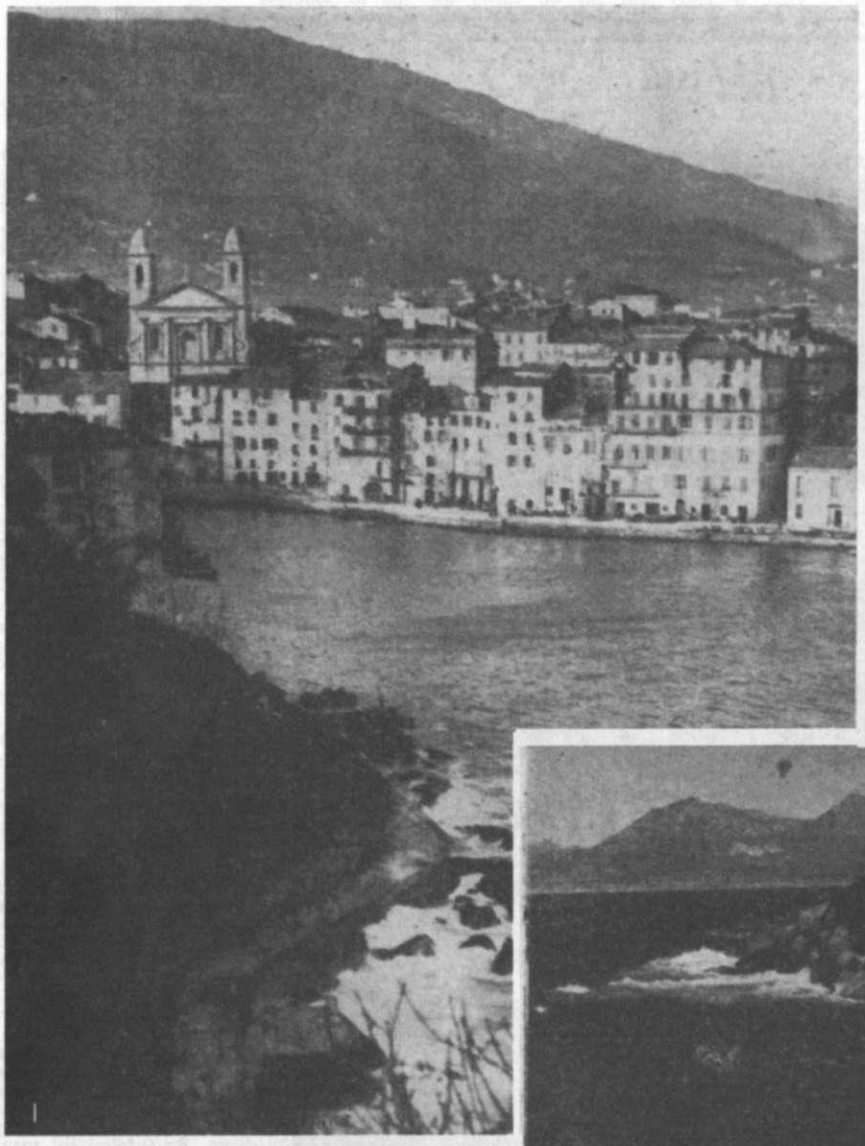
The Salcano railway viaduct (3), near Gorizia, is one of the most vital points in the German supply-line between Austria and Fiume. The Nazis have occupied the Dalmatian port of Dubrovnik, of which (4) is a street scene.

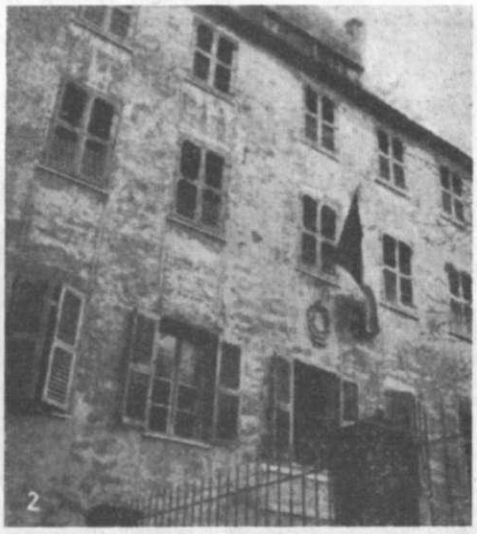
Location of heavy fighting before the Germans overcame patriot resistance was Kotor (5), naval port at the southern extremity of the Dalmatian coast. By October 13, 1943, the Germans held all the main ports and airfields of Dalmatia, while the partisans had occupied all the islands and the rest of the Adriatic coastline.
See also facing page.

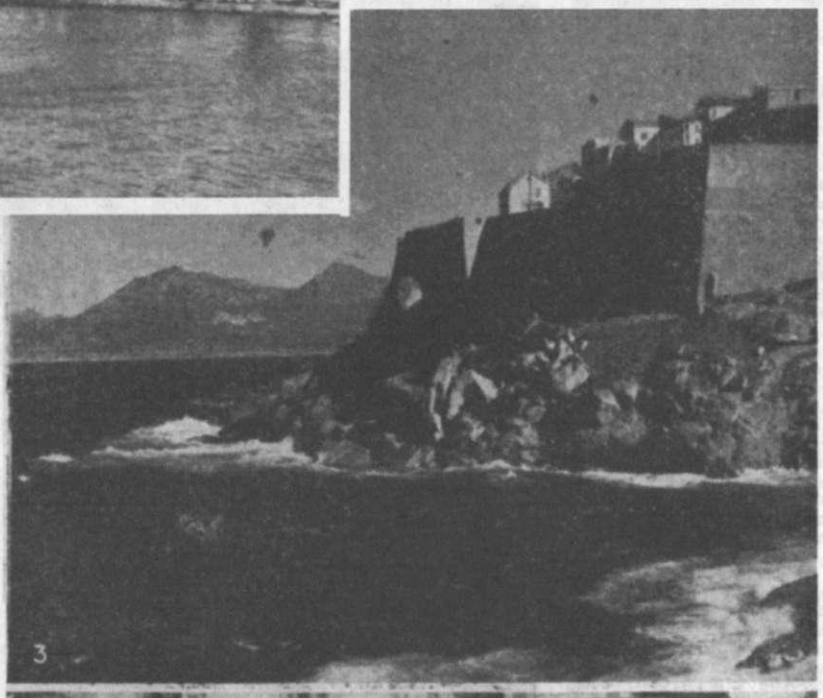
Photos, Pictorial Press, E.N.A.



Corsica--Island Outpost of France—Free Again







FRANCE'S MEDITERRANEAN 'HELIGOLAND' until it was occupied by the Germans in 1940, Corsica dominated the naval bases of Spezia and Genoa from a distance of only 100 miles. With the fall of Bastia (1) on October 4, 1943, Fighting French forces which had been landing since September 20 gained complete control of the island. Citizens of the capital, Ajaccio, cheered at their liberation (4); in their town Napoleon's birthplace is still to be seen (2). It was at the storming of the Citadel of Calvi (3) in 1794 that Nelson lost an eye. Corsica is the first Department of Metropolitan France to be freed from the Nazis.

Photos, New York Times, Mrs. Muir, Keystone. Map by courtesy of The Times

I WAS THERE! Eye Witness Stories of the War

We Drove Along the Awesome Road of Death

Through the valley that will be remembered for years to come as scene of one of the hardest victories of the war travelled A. B. Austin, Combined British Press reporter with the 5th Army in Italy. He wrote this grimly vivid story on September 28, 1943 ; shortly after, he and two other famous war reporters lost their lives by enemy action, as told in the next page.

A. B. AUSTIN, world-famous British war reporter, whose last story from the Front appears here. He established a great reputation with his eye-witness account of the Dieppe raid on August 19, 1942. *Photo, Topical*

ALONG the Road of Death we are driving to the Naples plain. The worst is over. We have turned the corner out of the steepest mountains at Camerelle and are heading due east for Vesuvius and Naples. For the past five days of bitter fighting I have seen a mile added to the Road of Death each day. I have driven so many times up and down this valley road through the mountains from Salerno, always just a fraction farther every day, as the infantry struggled ahead, that I can see every piece of ruin and decay on it with my eyes shut.

For years to come this valley will be remembered as the scene of one of the hardest victories of the war. All of us who have written about the fighting have tried to bring home to the outside world just how relentless has been the strain upon the English infantry who have stretched their energy and their courage as far as men can to force a way out of these mountains.

But the result of their fighting and of the German resistance upon the valley itself should be known too, for this is what happens in an invasion and it is not so long since we prepared for an invasion of England. This is what might have happened to any stretch of English countryside leading up from the sea. Along every mile of the lovely valley, from Salerno and Vietri to Cava de Tirreni and Camerelle and beyond, there is not a single house that has not been hit by shellfire or bombing.

WHEN you look from one of its mountain tops you see nothing but peace. The forests drop gracefully down from the high ridges to the vineyards, the orchards and the maize fields. The valley bottom looks as if it were one continuous line of pink and blue and white villas, cottages and farms, swelling every so often into villages and towns. But when you go down among the houses you find that half of them along the roadside are rubble-choked skeletons and the rest are cracked or shell-pocked.

Houses are not the only ruins. Passing along the Road of Death there is first the smashed parapet of the famous Gauntlet Bridge at Vietri. A German tank lies to one side seemingly intact, but shattered inside by the hand grenade dropped from the slope above, which killed all its crew. On the steep mountainside above, a great slash of rust runs through the green trees—the scar on the earth that the German mortar bombs had set on fire.

Every few yards there is some new sign of death and destruction : a German corpse in a ditch, badly needing burial: fallen horses swollen with death, and shattered farm carts ; a factory chimney with a shell-hole neatly drilled through it like the eye of a monstrous needle; splintered telegraph poles dangling trailing wires across broken walls; graves on high grassy shelves and in ditches—graves wherever a German or an Englishman had fallen, and there was no time to drag him out of the battle, and those are bodies that will, no doubt, be collected before long and buried, in some trim cemetery by the Mediterranean ; the crumbled ruins of futile road blocks—the kind of cement road blocks in which we once placed so much faith at home ; burnt out trucks, shell-craters ; and the rusty litter of German petrol and water cans.

THROUGH it all, up and down every day, stirring the rubble dust into clouds, flattening the shell-cases strewn on the road, bumping in and out of the shell-holes, rumbling across the sappers' bridges spanning arches that the enemy had blown up, moves the traffic of an army, the huge dust-coloured, camouflaged train of trucks and carriers and jeeps and trailers that are needed to supply any force.

Now that the tanks are moving through with all their maintenance train the traffic along the Road of Death has swelled to a roar. Luckily, past Camerelle the single road branches into several parallel roads, so that, at last, we will have elbow room and the Germans have too many different routes to mine or block thoroughly. At the head of it all slowly, methodically, painfully, moves the infantry—laden, dusty men in single file or crawling spread out over the ridges, or digging yet another line of slit trenches to hold a new position.

You come across their small headquarters in ruined houses or under bridge arches ; the Colonel or the second-in-command, unshaven and tired, sitting on the ground with his tin hat pushed back on his head, receiving a stream of messages from the signallers at their wireless sets by his side sending orders forward to his companies and reports back to brigade headquarters. You find them, if you choose your time tactfully, always willing to explain what is happening with that patience and politeness which is most marked in the front line, probably because men cannot afford to add to the strain by losing control of their tempers.

Threading their way to and fro among all this death, destruction and physical fury are the Italian people. If to this ground struggle were added the terror of air attack this constant movement of people with their bundles and their handcarts might cause great panic and confusion. As it is they are merely a pathetic background. They move away from their homes, but however great the ruin they move back as soon as they can. Old, grey men will gravely salute you as they sit in the sun on broken chairs at the doors of roofless houses. Children run among the ruins ; swarms of children pale and ragged, too often with skin diseases. Whenever you stop small boys run up to your jeep, begging cigarettes.

Mothers sit on fallen blocks of stone to suckle their babies. Old ailing women are

LAST STAGE IN THE BATTLE FOR SCAFATI BRIDGE, which A. B. Austin and his colleagues, Stewart Sale and William Munday, saw but did not live to report. Story of how the three met their fate is in page 346. British infantrymen are here waiting for a glimpse of the enemy holding positions in houses on the other side of the river and from which machine-guns were trained on the bridge. *Photo, British Official*

ON THEIR LAST ASSIGNMENT, William Munday (right background, hands on hips) and A. B. Austin (standing behind Munday) watch German prisoners—one wounded by Bren-gun fire and supported by his comrades—being brought into Scafati under guard. Shortly afterwards they and their colleague, Stewart Sale, were killed by a shell from an enemy tank, as told below by Basil Gingell, who was standing beside them but miraculously escaped. *Photo, British Official*

trundled past on handcarts wrapped in their bedclothes till they can be trundled back again in safety. Now and then someone is killed or dies in the normal way. Along the Road of Death, grotesque because it is the last thing you expect to see in a battlefield, comes the undertaker's hearse, with black hangings and plumed horses. The one thing you never find is resentment. Their homes are ruined, their lives disrupted, yet they greet you amiably, grin and wave from broken windows, talk as long as you will let them. Either life is easy to rebuild in the Mediterranean warmth or they feel our march along the Road of Death is the last battle of this war.

I Saw a Shell Kill Three War Reporter Friends

The death by enemy action of three front-line war correspondents with the 5th Army—Stewart Sale, William Munday, and A. B. Austin (who only a few hours before wrote the story in page 345)—was witnessed, and nearly shared, by Basil Gingell, of the Combined British Press. His account of the tragedy, dated October 1, 1943, is given here.

When the Italian landing was planned and Press representation was apportioned I found that Austin, Munday and myself were attached to one beach-landing party and Sale was with another party. It was therefore not until after we had set foot on Italian soil that I met Sale again, but the other two were my constant companions throughout the fighting that has taken place along that section of the Salerno bridgehead held by the British.

And I was with them when they died. With the narrow foothold such as we had at the beginning along the Gulf of Salerno, it was obvious that we were never out of range of enemy fire, for the front line was on our doorstep. Although always anxious to see battles at close quarters, it is no part of a war correspondent's job to take foolhardy risks, and all three were not only keen reporters but level-headed men.

When the break-through along the Cava Valley gained momentum Austin, Munday and myself, who knew of its imminence, joined in a procession of the armour. We reached Scafati well to the fore, but while the units pushed on over the bridge we waited behind because of snipers and machine-guns that were trained on the bridge.

We had lunch by the roadside, and while sitting there we saw Stewart Sale and Frank Gillard of the B.B.C. drive by. We hailed the new arrivals, and as the traffic moved over the bridge we decided to walk down. We had covered perhaps 200 yards, Gillard and Sale walking on ahead, and Austin, Munday and myself following. Sale stopped to look in an air-raid shelter that was in the main street, and Gillard said he was going on and crossed the road. By this time we had joined up with Sale and we stood at a street corner looking down the road. There was some general banter about the front line.

The four of us were standing in a little group in space no bigger than a hearthrug when I saw a terrific flash ahead. I heard no sound of gunfire, but the next second I felt myself bodily flung up the side of the track for more than fifty yards, while debris and dust rained down on me. I had no idea what was happening, but groping my way out I returned to the corner and there found my three companions lying as they had fallen. An ambulance attendant who darted in asked me to help him, but when he took a second glance he realized that all three were dead. He darted off to attend to others, while I stood back against the wall suffering nothing but a few scratches.

Shelling and machine-gun fire broke out, ranging on the corner where the four of us had stood. Some Italians took me to their home and there I stayed until morning. A sharp battle raged round the area throughout darkness, but in the morning my three friends were buried by the roadside where we had had our lunch on the previous day; where Austin had said that he had a story that would write itself and Munday had made his plans for the following day.

Over their graves are planted three wooden crosses made by our jeep driver, who had taken Austin, Munday and me over many miles since we landed and has himself seen more than the average share of excitement out here. There they remain, with Vesuvius in the background, until such time as all those killed in this bitter fighting in Italy can be gathered into some central resting-place.

From England I Went East to Join Paiforce

Life on a troopship and with Paiforce (which stands for Persia and Iraq Force) is vividly described by a member of the Amalgamated Press—now L/Cpl. Lewis Hulls, of the Royal Corps of Signals. Names of places on the journey are omitted for security reasons.

We were very crowded on the troopship—a converted liner—but not too uncomfortable. We slept in four-tiered bunks, and fed at tables seating eighteen men. The food was pretty good, the white bread and fresh butter being a particularly welcome feature. Hot sea-water showers were always available for bathing, but attempts to wash clothes in these showers ended in dismal failure; for that job we had to use our rationed supply of fresh water.

Queues were an important part of life on board; we had queues for the canteen (where such luxuries as tinned fruit and milk chocolate could be had), for baths, for barbers, for concerts, for fresh water and for meals. After settling down, we started work on a regular routine programme of training, doing P.T. and route marches along the

crowded decks. In our free time we had concerts and gramophone recitals. We also had a library which included a very high proportion of first-class stuff amongst its 700 odd volumes. I had the good luck to be given the job of ship's librarian.

OUR journey took us through many different kinds of weather. Some days we shivered in our battledress, or were driven below by heavy rain and wind ; a day later, maybe, we would be sunbathing till late in the evening, finding even our tropical kit too hot. The nights often were especially beautiful and we slept on deck a lot ; in the starlight the phosphorescence on the water sparkled like hundreds of little lights flashing on and off. By day there were flying fish and porpoises to watch and an occasional albatross ; to say nothing of our companion ships in the convoy and the vigilant escort.

The journey was broken once or twice to refuel and to take on fresh water, and at one port we stayed for several days and were able to go ashore. The hospitality of the local people was quite overwhelming, and for the duration of our visit we were entertained in private homes and taken about sightseeing in cars, without needing to spend a penny ourselves. I was adopted by a very charming family who did their utmost to make my memories of their town happy and pleasant ones. Food restrictions had not yet made themselves felt there, and in those few days I gorged more oranges, pineapples, grapefruit, bananas, ice creams, steaks, eggs, and other good things than you are likely to see until the end of the war.

After more days at sea we again broke our journey. Here was a native bazaar, colourful and picturesque, with the most amazing variety of odours emanating from the district. The wares on sale were a curious mixture of trashy manufactured articles and genuine native products, such as silks, leatherwork, ivory and brass, as well as all kinds of fruit and sweetmeats. Always the authentic native article had its imported

L/Cpl. LEWIS HULLS, of the Royal Corps of Signals, gives in this and the preceding page an entertaining account of his voyage in a troopship to the Near East and his training with Paiforce (Persia and Iraq Force).

imitation counterpart, and it was not easy to distinguish between them. Prices to the white man were cheap enough, provided always that one was prepared to squat upon a bench, specially placed by the shopkeeper for the purpose, and go through the formal process of haggling. " You make bargain with me, Johnnie " was the stock phrase.

In our camp we were well served by numerous itinerant tradesmen, who would pop their heads inside our huts at the most unexpected times, offering their services. It would begin early in the morning while we were still in bed, with the " shave-wallah " who would shave you in bed—or out, if preferred—for one penny. At intervals during the day there followed others who would crave the privilege of making your bed, cleaning your boots, bringing you fruit, or tea, or the newspaper, mending your socks, washing your clothes or curing your corns.

At last the day came to set out on the last stage of our travels, and after more days at sea, and on trains, it came as a disappointment to find we had travelled all that way just to be dumped down in the middle of a desolate expanse of semi-desert. But after a few weeks of hard work on our part a city of tents covered the wilderness for miles around ; we certainly transformed the landscape.

Our training here continues, as in England, and every now and again we disappear into the hills for a few days' manoeuvres, with only an occasional shepherd or two, dressed as in Bible days, with their shaggy flocks, for company. Recreational facilities are limited, but we can buy dates, eggs, oranges, walnuts, beer and minerals either from NAAFI or from native hawkers. There is a garrison cinema some miles away, to which they run transport for us each week. The nearest town is too far away to allow of frequent visits, but we do go in there occasionally, and last month we had a special Unit dinner at one of the few decent restaurants—a very romantic-looking " Arabian Nights " kind of building, with open courtyard and well in the centre overlooked by white stone balconies. We sat down to dinner in a long narrow room hung with rugs and tapestries. Chief items were roast turkey and pudding, washed down with beer and local wine.

OUR main occupations most evenings include reading, and cooking suppers. We can always get eggs, bread and onions, either from the canteen or hawkers, and we scrounge fat from the cookhouse. Thus provided with raw materials, we fry them in utensils made from empty tins and petrol cans ; there is a great art in making kettles, teapots, frying pans, eggslices and so on from old tins, and we have produced some excellent articles. For heat, we put sand in a tin with perforated sides, soak it in kerosene (a plentiful commodity in this land of oil) set light to it—and get on with the cooking !

OUR DIARY OF THE WAR

SEPTEMBER 29, Wednesday *1,488th day*

Italy.—Fifth Army capture of Nocera and Pompeii and collapse of German ring round Naples announced. Gen. Eisenhower and Marshal Badoglio met aboard H.M.S. Nelson off Malta to discuss use of Italian forces against Germany.

Mediterranean.—Yugoslav guerilla H.Q. announced evacuation of Split, on Dalmatian coast. Enemy air attacks launched against newly established British base on Cos (Dodecanese).

Russian Front.—Kremenchug, on the Dnieper, and Rudnya, on the Smolensk-Vitebsk railway, captured by Russians.

Air.—Bochum (Ruhr) heavily bombed.

General.—King Peter of Yugoslavia arrived in Cairo to set up his Govt. there.

SEPTEMBER 30, Thursday *1,489th day*

Italy.—Eighth Army occupation of Manfredonia on Adriatic coast, and Fifth Army capture of San Severino, announced.

Russian Front.—Russians forced River Sozh and captured Krichev. Vitebsk, Orsha, Mogilev and Dzankhoi (Crimea) bombed by Soviet aircraft.

OCTOBER 1, Friday *1,490th day*

Italy.—Naples captured by 5th Army. Fall of Avellino and Torre Annunziata announced.

Russian Front.—Cherikov in Mogilev area, and Berezino in Vitebsk sector, captured by Russians. Battle for Zaporozhe raging.

Burma.—Akyab town bombed by Wellingtons.

China.—Haiphong attacked by U.S. aircraft.

Air.—Munich region raided by Fortresses from Africa for first time ; Liberators raided Wiener Neustadt factory 25 m. S.W. of Vienna. Hagen (Ruhr) heavily bombed at night.

Sea.—Announced that in recent U-boat attack on convoy in N. Atlantic, six merchantmen, two escort vessels and Canadian destroyer St. Croix sunk.

General.—Mr. W. A. Harriman appointed U.S. Ambassador to Russia.

OCTOBER 2, Saturday *1,491st day*

Italy.—Capture of San Severo and Lucera by 8th Army announced. 8th Army tanks landed behind enemy lines at Termoli on Adriatic coast.

Mediterranean.—Yugoslav Nat. Army of Liberation announced capture of Orahovo on River Sava.

Australasia. — Finschafen (New Guinea) captured by Australians.

Air.—Emden pounded by Fortresses ; St. Omer-Longuenesse airfield (France) attacked. Munich bombed in concentrated 25-min. attack by Lancasters at night.

Sea.—Revealed that British liner Ceramič was sunk off S. Africa by a U-boat in November 1942.

OCTOBER 3, Sunday *1,492nd day*

Italy.—5th Army capture of Frigento and Benevento announced.

Mediterranean.—Enemy troops made sea and airborne landings on British-held Cos (Dodecanese), and seized several important points. Teghime Hill (Corsica), keypoint to Bastia defence, captured by Goumiers and Moroccan sharpshooters ; Furiani, Borgo, Vescovato, and Caterragio (Corsica) taken.

Russian Front.—Violent battle for Zaporozhe and gateway to Crimea continued unabated.

Air.—Kassel, German armament centre E. of Ruhr, raided, 1,500 tons of bombs dropped ; Hanover and Rhineland objectives also attacked.

OCTOBER 4, Monday *1,493rd day*

Italy.—Capture of Motta and Montemiletto by 8th Army and crossing over Calore River by 5th Army announced.

Mediterranean.—Bastia, last port in Corsica left to Germans, captured by French troops, and liberation of Corsica completed.

China.—Fresh Japanese attacks in three Chinese provinces announced.

Air.—Frankfurt raided by day and night ; Ludwigshafen, and other W. German targets attacked.

Sea.—Admiral Sir A. Cunningham appointed to succeed Sir Dudley Pound as First Sea Lord. Home Fleet, including U.S. carrier, operated against enemy shipping in Bodo area of Norway.

OCTOBER 5, Tuesday *1,494th day*

Italy.—German counter-attacks at Termoli repulsed ; announced that 8th Army reinforcements landed, and important airfields of Pomigliano and Capodichino captured by 5th Army. Montesarchio taken. Bologna heavily raided.

Australasia.—Japanese attempt to evacuate troops from Kolombangara (Solomons) revealed.

Pacific.—Wake Island attacked with carrier aircraft and ship bombardment.

General.—Arrival of General Smuts in London announced.

OCTOBER 6, Wednesday *1,495th day*

Italy.—Announced Volturno crossed by 5th Army ; fall of Aversa and Maddaloni announced.

Australasia.—Announced 7-mile advance by Australian troops to Dumpa, 50m. S.W. of Madang. Announced 3 Japanese warships sunk in Vella Gulf, Central Solomons.

OCTOBER 7, Thursday *1,496th day*

Russian Front.—Announced new Soviet drive begun from Vitebsk to Taman peninsula ; Dnieper forced at three places ; Nevel, 30m. S.W. of Veliki Luki, and Taman captured.

Air.—Stuttgart bombed ; Friedrichshafen and Munich bombed by Mosquitoes and Lancasters.

OCTOBER 8, Friday *1,497th day*

Italy.—Guglionesi occupied. Capture of Capua, Volturno bridgehead, announced.

Russian Front.—Tanks reported in action on west bank of Dnieper.

Air.—Day raid on Bremen. Night raid on Hanover.

OCTOBER 9, Saturday *1,498th day*

Italy.—Grazzanise and Caserta taken.

Russian Front.—Announced all Caucasus cleared following occupation of the Kuban. Liozno, S.E. of Vitebsk, taken.

Air.—Anklam (Pomerania), Marienburg (East Prussia), Danzig and Gdynia day-bombed after record flights.

OCTOBER 10, Sunday *1,499th day*

Italy.—Capture of Larino, Gambatesa and San Marco announced.

Air.—Fortresses bombed Munster (Westphalia). First raid by Fortresses on Greece : airfields at Salonika, Athens, Argos and Larissa bombed.

Sea.—Loss of H.M. destroyer Intrepid announced.

OCTOBER 11, Monday *1,500th day*

Italy.—Capture of Pontelandolfo announced.

Russian Front.—Novobelitse, suburb of Gomel, occupied.

Sea.—Announced that on September 22 British midget submarines penetrated Altenfjord, Northern Norway, and damaged German battleship Tirpitz.

OCTOBER 12, Tuesday *1,501st day*

Russian Front.—" Substantial gains," unspecified, announced in Dnieper sector.

General.—Announced that Portugal had agreed to grant Britain facilities in Azores to afford better protection for merchant shipping in the Atlantic.

★ Flash-backs ★

1939

September 29. *Poland partitioned between Germany and Russia.*

October 10. *Empire Air Training Scheme announced.*

1940

October 9. *Cherbourg bombarded by British warships.*

1941

October 2. *Hitler issued Order of Day to Germans before Moscow declaring the decisive battle was about to begin.*

October 6. *Germans launched two-pronged assault against Moscow.*

1942

September 29. *Germans made progress in N.W. Stalingrad.*

September 30. *Limited offensive opened by British in Egypt.*

October 4. *Sark attacked in small Combined Operations raid. Australians occupied Effogi (New Guinea)*

October 8. *British prisoners captured at Dieppe and Sark, enchained by Germans.*

THE WAR IN THE AIR

by **Capt. Norman Macmillan, M.C., A.F.C.**

THE war in the air is developing along more clear-cut lines than has ever been the case in the past. And it is striking that in such circumstances should be published the statement on Belligerent Power which appeared in The Times on October 1 under the signatures of Admiral of the Fleet Lord Chatfield, First Sea Lord 1933-38, Field-Marshal Lord Milne, Chief of the Imperial General Staff 1926-33, Marshal of the Royal Air Force Sir John Salmond, Chief of the Air Staff 1930-33, Lord Hankey, Secretary of the Committee of Imperial Defence 1912-38, and Lord Winster, a retired naval officer and a former Parliamentary Secretary to the Admiralty.

That statement is an outline of the inter-relationship as seen by the signatories of the component parts of what they call Belligerent Power, by which they mean what Hitler long ago called Total War. But what the signatories do not say is that the one factor which has produced Total or Belligerent War is Air Power. All the other factors are as old as war itself. What they are really discussing, then, is the position of Air Power in modern war.

Now, it is an established if unwritten principle of British politics and institutions that an upstart should, if possible, be summarily rejected. If, however, the upstart is strong enough to survive repression—and any thing or person surviving continual repressive measures must be strong—it is eventually adopted as a comrade by its former opponents, as an act of self-defence upon their part. But if the upstart be adopted, let it take heed for its future, and beware of smooth words, for it has been adopted not for what it is but for what it has.

Right through the years between the wars the Air Ministry and the R.A.F. had an uphill fight against reactionary forces. The older Services seized the larger shares of the annual Treasury allowances. The Air upstart had few friends. There were those who wanted the R.A.F. split up and handed back to the Army and Navy. There were numerous Cabinet inquiries into the subject. The Admiralty in particular was a bitter opponent of the Air Ministry.

Let us turn back for a moment to the published report of the sub-committee of the Committee of Imperial Defence, dated July 30, 1936, On the Vulnerability of Capital Ships to Air Attack. The then Sir Ernle Chatfield, as First Sea Lord, was an expert adviser to that committee presided over by Sir Thomas Inskip (now Lord Caldecote) and a strenuous champion of the battleships in whose favour the committee placed its faith.

Paragraph 34 of the sub-committee's report states: "... the Admiralty ... think that the capital ship of the future can be so designed as to distribution of her armour on decks and sides, and as to interior subdivision, that she will not be subject to fatal damage from the air." Paragraph 35 condescendingly dismissed the critics with: "These views, of course, are not those of the critics of the capital ship, who maintain that a concentrated air attack on ships at sea or in harbour will be so effective that they cannot survive. It is a point of view that has yet to be tested." It has been tested now.

The pre-war programme of new battleships was proceeded with. Among them was the Prince of Wales—sunk by air attack off Malaya in a matter of minutes. The Roma, a recent Italian battleship, was sunk by air attack off Sardinia. The Bismarck, then Germany's latest battleship, was discovered by air in the Atlantic and so crippled by air-launched torpedoes that one relatively small British warship was able to go close alongside and complete the sinking by gunfire. The American Pacific Fleet was crippled by air attack in Pearl Harbour, the Italian Fleet was similarly crippled in Taranto. The sea battles of the Coral Sea and Midway Island were won by aircraft, not warships. The sinking of eight enemy merchant ships in Norwegian waters on October 4, 1943, was effected by aircraft.

How much more is required to prove the truth that naval power as a fighting force is at the end of its long history, and is approaching the era when ships will provide a transport service protected by aircraft? The danger implicit in this document is that a large part of our air power may be seized by the sailors to save themselves, and to preserve their warships.

THIS joint statement, issued after no fewer than four years of war, contains this passage: "... warships are not necessarily the most effective weapon against warships. The experiences of the war have proved that a squadron of torpedo-bomber aircraft can in certain circumstances have a greater influence on sea power than a flotilla of destroyers or even larger warships. A score or two of aircraft, particularly if shore-based, can at times outmatch a powerful battleship escorted by cruisers and smaller craft. It must be remembered, however, that navies readapt themselves in the light of experience and the danger to warships from air attack may diminish."

Here lies the pill within the sugar of the document. Give the Navy shore-based aircraft? Where can they come from? Only from the R.A.F. But that would be a fatal blunder, for a large part of our national air power would then be expended to protect redundant warships. Already aircraft have forced navies to use battleships costing up to £10,000,000 as escort vessels, because of their heavier armour and greater fire-power for defence against air attack. Nor has this experience been one-sided. Our own aircraft based on besieged Malta forced the Axis to employ battleships to escort their convoys between Italy and North Africa.

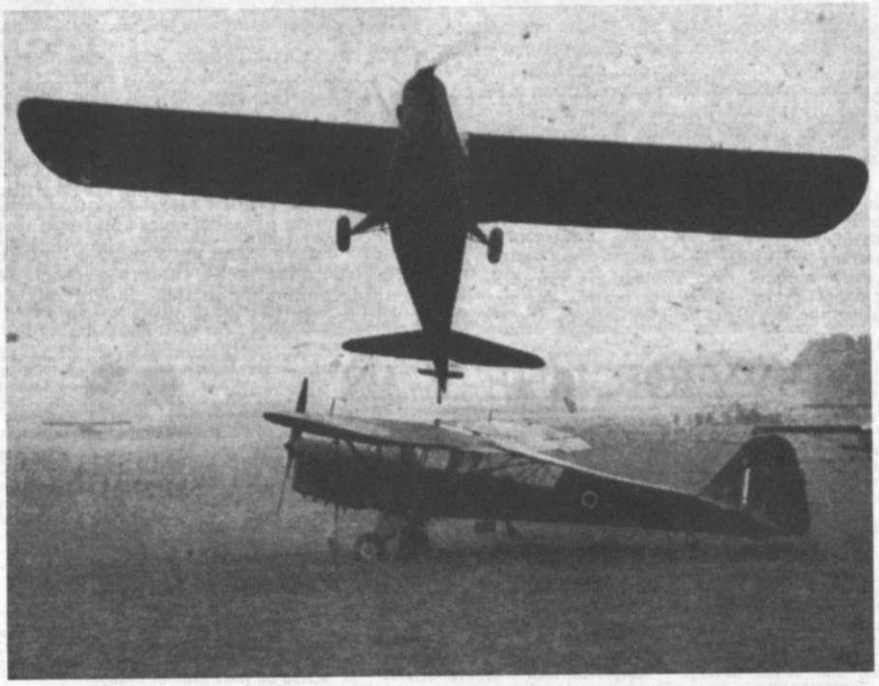
WHY the Aircraft Carrier Has No Usetul Future

The aircraft carrier is a temporary stop-gap for naval war. But its life is doomed because it imposes and will continue to impose too many restrictions on aircraft (which must be made to fit the ship) to compete in future with shore-based aircraft, the largest of which will carry their own fighters with them.

It is dangerous to believe that the risks which warships run from air attack may diminish. The development of warships will lag behind that of aircraft. We are only at the beginning of powerful developments in aircraft. Their striking range will increase. All the oceans will be covered by shore-based aircraft. Their hitting weapons—bombs, torpedoes, and guns—will become not less but more efficient. They will always outmatch the ship and the ship's readaptation will never catch up.

AIR power is already the deciding factor in war at sea. Tomorrow it will dominate all the oceans and all the continents. Its power lies in its capacity to surmount all terrestrial obstacles. And the fountain-head of the strength of that power is the unity of the national air force.

An island people must be supreme in the air. All their shore-based aircraft must belong to one Service so that the full power of their air strength can be concentrated upon the main objectives. The British people can never permit the adoption of a part of the R.A.F. by another Service, save at the national peril. Undivided air power must come first; all other considerations must follow upon that main principle. If the thesis contained in Belligerent Power were to be accepted by the British people, their future world safety would be jeopardized.



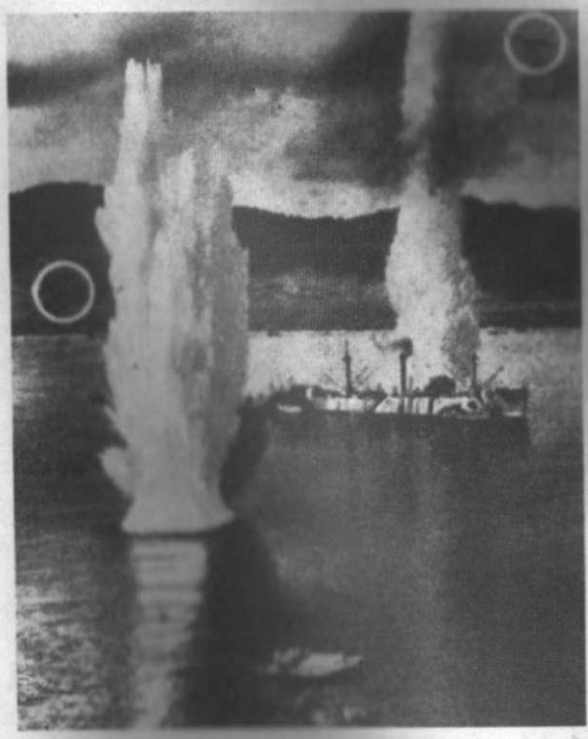
'EYES OF THE ARMY' is the apt nickname of the Taylorcraft Auster III, a two-seater R.A.F. plane able to take off in the astonishingly short distance of 50 yards and to land even in a roadway, a performance which makes it specially useful for military observation work. Its wingspan is only 36 feet, length 23 feet, height just over 6 feet. Top speed is 125 miles per hour. One is shown above in a steep climb over another of the same type. *Photo, Keystone*

Japanese S.W. Pacific Line Is Moving Back

FROM NETHERLANDS EAST INDIES TO GUADALCANAL runs the Japanese line. On February 10, 1943, Guadalcanal was cleared of the enemy; on June 30 Rendova Island fell; by August 30 New Georgia was invested. On September 14 Salamaua was captured, and Lae two days later. Thus Rabaul was menaced from two quarters (see also page 323).

WOUNDED NEAR SALAMAUA are assisted to a regimental aid post by an Australian officer. It was an Australian militia unit which took Salamaua, New Guinea, held by the enemy since March 19, 1942.

AMERICAN MOUNTAIN BATTERY in action in the Mt. Tambu-Komiatum area, south of Salamaua. Such guns as this had to be carried in parts of 100-250 lb. over the precipitous Lababia Ridge from Nassau Bay (see map in page 323).



SHIPPING IN WEWAK HARBOUR is a regular target for our Beaufighters (left, circled) as we advance in New Guinea. Above, industrial life in Salamaua before fighting are taken in boats to barges for discharge to transport.

Photos, Sport & General, Associated Press

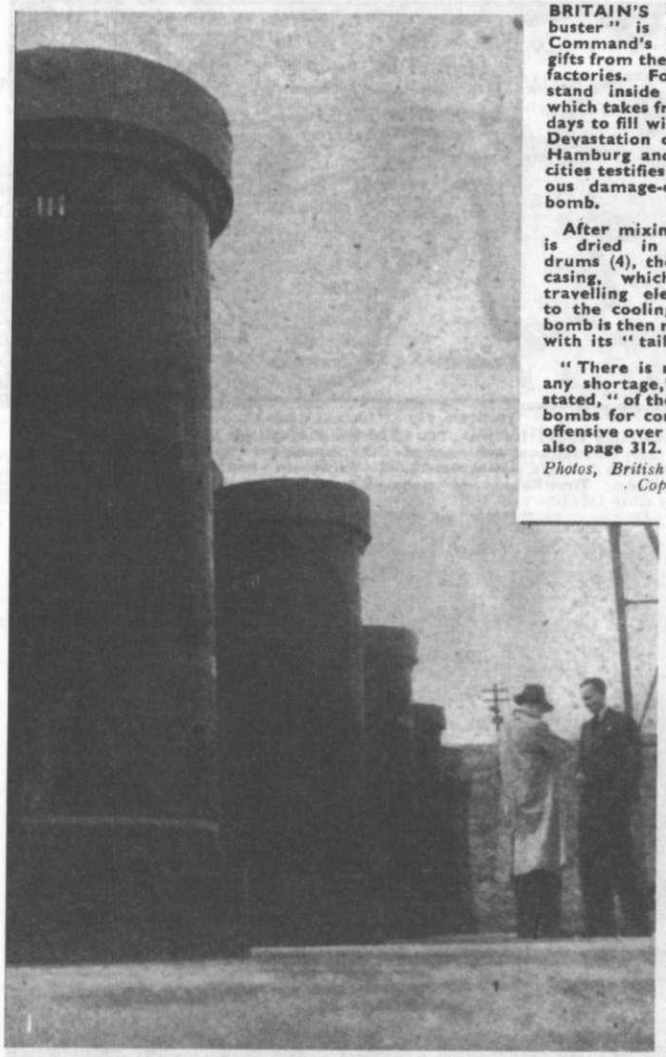
These Are the 'Busters' that Rock the Reich

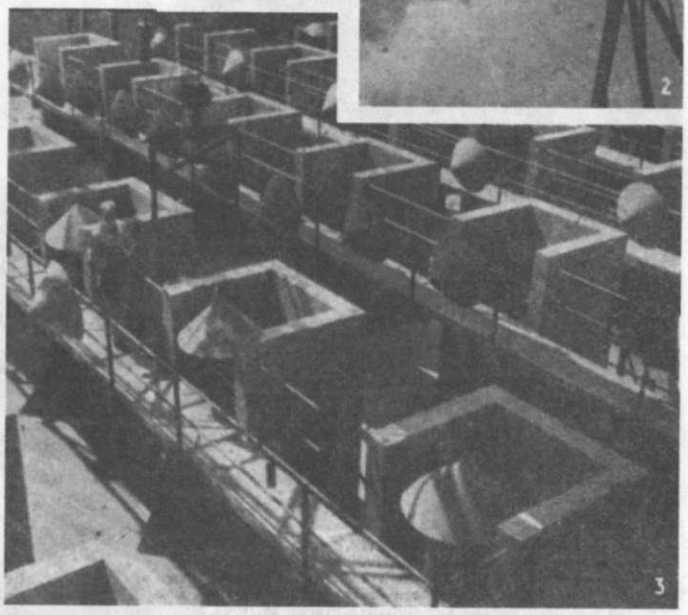
BRITAIN'S 4,000-lb. "block buster" is one of Bomber Command's most shattering gifts from the Royal Ordnance factories. Four people could stand inside the casing (1), which takes from two to three days to fill with the explosive. Devastation caused in Berlin, Hamburg and other German cities testifies to the tremendous damage-capacity of this bomb.

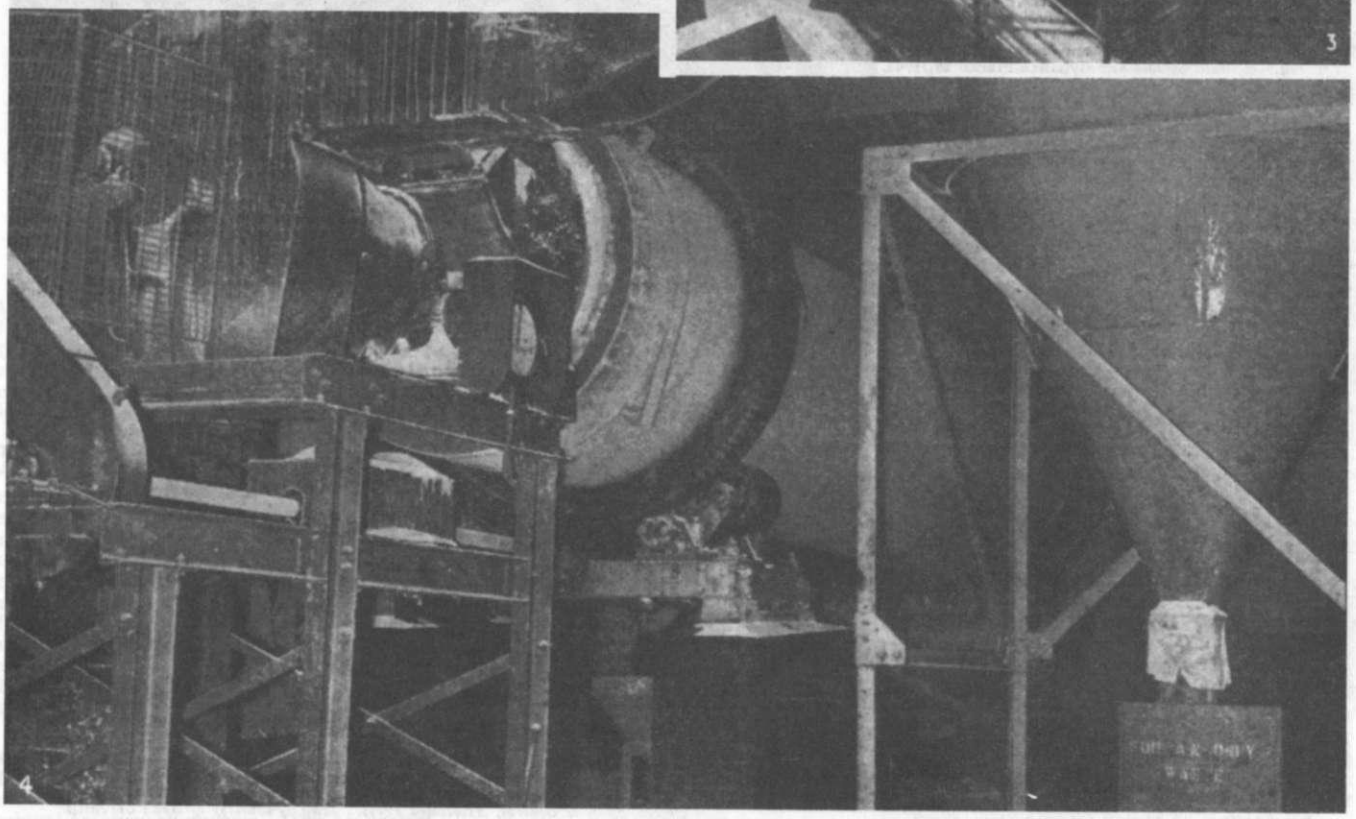
After mixing, the explosive is dried in large rotating drums (4), then placed in the casing, which is taken by travelling electric crane (2) to the cooling pits (3). The bomb is then ready to be fitted with its "tail."

"There is not likely to be any shortage," it is officially stated, "of these or yet bigger bombs for continuing our air offensive over Germany." See also page 312.

Photos, British Official: Crown Copyright







Editor's Postscript

HERE is a little pen portrait (or perhaps I should say caricature) of a man you know, which I came across in a copy of the Pall Mall Magazine for September 1903, and which I am sure my readers will be interested to have brought to their notice.

"He walks with a stoop, his head thrust forward. His mouth expresses bitterness, the light eyes strained watchfulness. He talks as a man of fifty talks—a little cruelly, slowly, measuring his words, the hand for ever tilting the hat backwards and forwards, or brushing itself roughly across the tired eyes. Essentially a tired face, the expression one of intellectual energy, which has to be wound up by a rebellious consciousness. And yet it is only ten years ago that he left Harrow for Sandhurst. He is twenty-nine—separated from his boyhood by five campaigns, a Parliamentary election, and a budget of speeches. . . ."

It is almost comic to think that just forty years ago that could have appeared in a "character sketch" of Winston Spencer Churchill! (The writer was Harold Begbie, who was nearly three years older than his subject, and who died fourteen years ago). Tired at twenty-nine—tireless at sixty-nine! There is a providence that shapes the man of destiny beyond all the guesswork of the character-sketcher.

THE new kind of senior Army officer, the colonels and majors, are of very different type from those of the last war, who mostly belonged to the past and dated back almost to the time of the captain made fun of by Punch for saying, when he was asked his regiment: "It's got gween on the cuff, don't you know, and you go to it from Waterloo." But there are some of the old sort left. One made himself ridiculous lately by putting up this notice:

DISCIPLINE

N.C.O.s and men must at all times recognize the KING'S COMMISSION. In future all ranks entering the C.O.'s office will, in his absence, salute his desk. Failure to obey the above instructions will entail severe reprimand.

Now that sounds like a joke, and you might think that if it was meant seriously it must be one martinet's whim. You might even imagine that the ancient warrior who put it up was thinking of the salute given by naval officers, petty officers and ratings when they step aboard the quarter-deck of a man-o'-war. But that had its origin in the fact that a crucifix in Catholic times hung over the deck. The salute was an act of reverence to it, and was kept up when, at the Reformation, crucifixes became in the eyes of Protestants "unholy images." But the idea of saluting a desk as if it were a colonel wearing the King's uniform is no comic flight of one disordered imagination; it seems to be fairly prevalent! Furthermore, I am told that N.C.O.s and men are supposed to salute a C.O.'s car in the street even when the great warrior is not himself in the car! Yet we laugh at the Huns greeting each other with "Heil, Hitler!"

PUBLISHERS say British authors' books are not selling in the United States as they did before the war. My friend Sir Norman Angell's latest work is an exception. It is called Let the People Know, its object being "to answer the questionings, doubts and misgivings which are present in the minds of immense numbers of average Main Street Americans." One of the Book Clubs over there took it up and twelve thousand copies were quickly sold. It is being bought steadily still. "Why has it not been published here?" you may ask. Because it is addressed to Americans. But, having read it, I am of opinion that it might do just as much good here as it is doing on the other side. Sir Norman is in England after more than three years' absence, during which he has done excellent work in many American States, making known what Britain thinks and has been doing, and explaining the international point of view. From the windows of his rooms in the Temple he looks out on a sorry scene of devastation caused by bombing, and he cannot stay at his tower on an island in an Essex estuary since that got a hit some time ago and, though fortunately not destroyed, was made uninhabitable for the time being. He means to go back to the States before long to resume his teaching as a professor at Kansas State University.

MAJ.-GEN. H. B. KLOPPER, Commander of the South African 2nd Division at the time of the surrender of Tobruk, June 1942, who on September 29, 1943, reached the British lines near Foggia after a three weeks' trek to freedom from a prisoner-of-war camp in the mountains of Italy. *Photo, Sport & General*

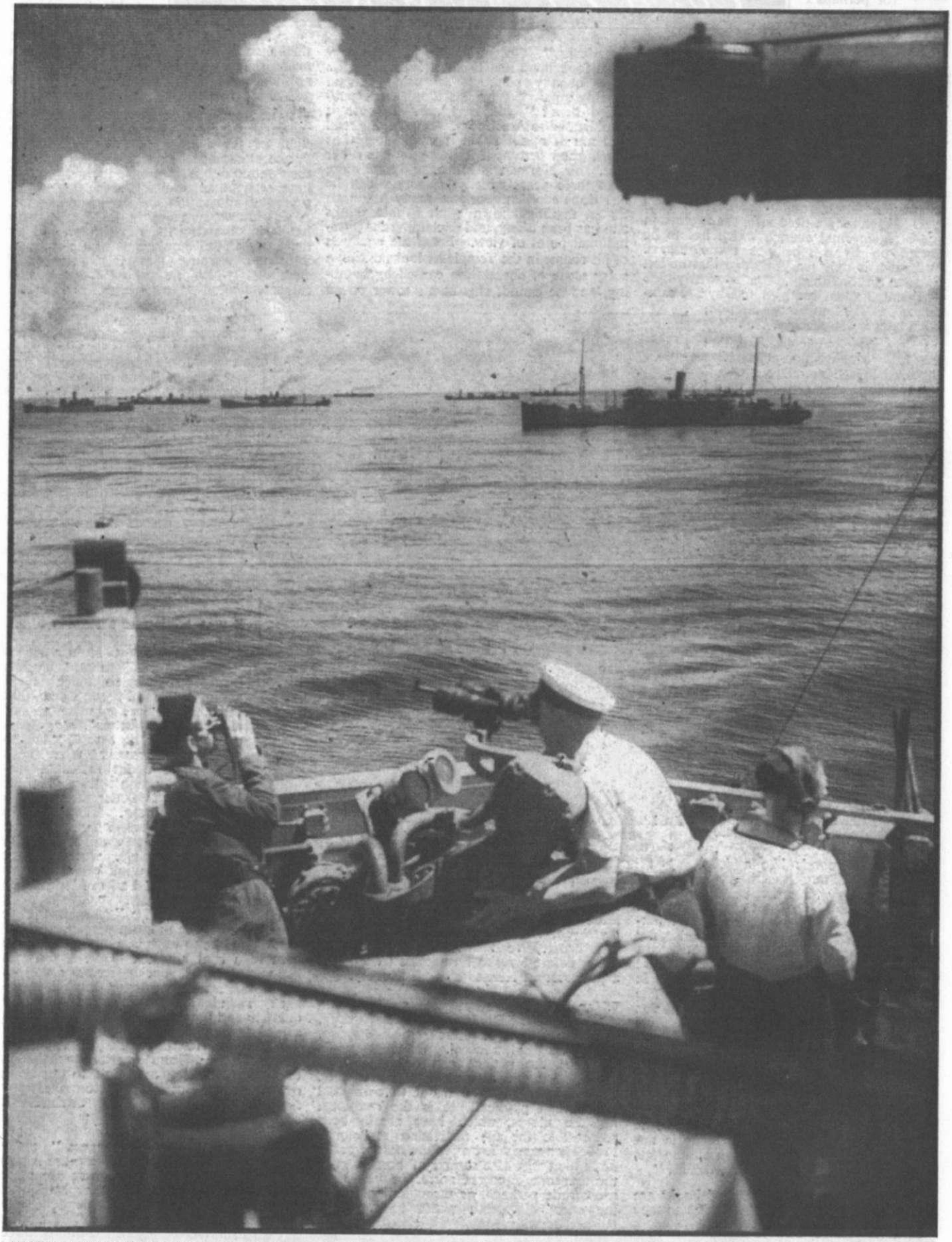
WAR certainly stimulates medical discoveries. The latest is that of a drug, which is given to sufferers from shell-shock. It has a hypnotic effect. While under its influence the patient can be induced to reveal what was the cause of his trouble. This almost always turns out to be mental rather than physical. It is the emotions, not the nerves, which have usually been responsible for the distressing symptoms. Probably a man who has, in the heat of battle or in the midst of a shower of bombs, gone through some agony of mind, for the sake of a comrade perhaps, or through thinking of the effect his death would have on his mother or wife, forgets all about it when danger is past. He may have no idea what started the shock to his system which incapacitates him for any kind of duty. The new treatment enables this to be traced and then recovery is as a rule rapid. Rest, sedatives, and mind-healing have effected cures in a few days. The fear that shell-shock was a permanent condition, which made doctors during the last war think nothing could be done to get rid of it, has passed away as a delusion—and a snare.

I HAVE sometimes watched the reactions of various types of men and women to the sight of the sentries outside Buckingham Palace stamping their feet as they turn in their monotonous tramping to and fro. I have seen looks of blank astonishment, of profound admiration, of amused contempt. A well-known surgeon, Sir L. Cheatle, who has been observing the ritual prescribed by the Guards' drill-book, now comes out with a solemn warning that this practice of stamping, which he calls "fantastic and rather ridiculous," may have, and in all probability does have, unfortunate results on the health of soldiers. For one thing, he says, it is very likely to cause varicose veins. Also the jars to the system repeated every few minutes for no reason must, the doctor fears, have a bad effect on the nerves. This is a matter that should be inquired into. The stamping is a Prussian trick, imported along with so many others by our Hanoverian kings. If you have ever seen the parade called Trooping the Colour, which used to take place annually, you have seen a performance borrowed straight from Prussia, goose-step and all. Sentries themselves were instituted by the Prussian king known as Frederick the Great, though Frederick the Scoundrel would be more accurate.

I WAS talking to a seaman about after-war prospects and he overflowed with what Homer called "winged words" about "all this planning that's so much talked about." I mildly suggested that something of the kind was necessary if we wanted a better life for everyone. "Yes," he agreed, "but do you mean everyone? What about us? What about merchant seamen? Why don't they plan for better ships? Better for us in the fo'c'sle, I mean. They improve design, if it makes for speed, and they try to get space for as much cargo as possible. But they don't ever seem to think of making us comfortable." I asked him what he would suggest for a start. "Give us a bit more room in the fo'c'sle," he said. "Give us a better chance to clean ourselves. How would you like to wash in a pail after you've been in a coal bunker? How would you like to try to wash your underclothes without any proper arrangements for simple laundering? Then look at the distance between our quarters and the cook's galley. If you want a cup of tea on a cold night you must go half the length of the ship. Put us nearer the galley and the officers' quarters too, though there may be objections raised to our being closer together. But it 'ud help to make happy ships." Not unreasonable demands it seemed to me.

RUMOUR is "fuller of tongues" today than it was when Shakespeare wrote his Henry the Fifth—since there are more tongues to spread it. The exaggeration of harm done by enemy action is both silly and dangerous. A stray bomb fell the other day on a south-coast resort. It injured three people. Next morning the story went round that twelve had been killed. There are too many of us who enjoy, as the Fat Boy in Pickwick did, "making your flesh creep."

Vigilance the Price of Our Convoys' Safety



WATCHING THE SKIES for enemy aircraft, scouring the seas for lurking U-boats, Royal Navy ships on convoy duty maintain eternal vigilance that no harm may befall our ocean transports. They share in the honour of the "altogether unprecedented" achievement remarked upon by Mr. Churchill—not an Allied vessel was sunk by U-boat action in any part of the world during the first fortnight of September 1943. *Photo, Fox*

Printed in England and published every alternate Friday by the Proprietors, THE AMALGAMATED PRESS, LTD., The Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.4. Registered for transmission by Canadian Magazine Post, News Agency, Ltd.—October 29, 1943. Sole Agents for Australia and New Zealand: Messrs. Gordon & Gotch, Ltd.; and for South Africa: Central S.S. *Editorial Address:* JOHN CARPENTER HOUSE, WHITEFRIARS, LONDON, E.C.4.